Coll: HENRY MARTEN.

Familiar

LETTERS

TO

HIS LADY

OF

DELIGHT.

ALSO

Her kinde Returnes.

WITH

His Rivall R. Pettingalls Heroicall

EPISTLES.

Printed by *Edmundus De Speciosâ Villâ.*

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FUIMUS
The Right Honble Charles Stewart Bruce
of Ampthill Son and Heir Apparent
of Thomas Earl of Ailesbury and Baron
Bruce of Wheileton 1712

TO THE

Delicate and male-contented Lady,

MARTWARD, alias *MARTEN*.

Madam,

THese following Letters, by their indorsements and subscriptions, being yours, to none more properly ought they to be dedicated, then your own selfe, to whom the originals were first sent. Sparrows are for *Lesbia*, and these Epistles, most of them salacious, ought to flutter to the breasts of such a Lady, who knew how to chirp to the *Bird*, or *Martin* that presented them. In what condition you were, when these were surpriz'd, I am not willing to relate, onely I shall tell you of a Verse which your Dearest may translate:

Currendum est pede nudo
Ne nummi pereant, aut pyga, aut denique fama,
Deprendi miserum est Fabio vel judice vincam.

Really, Madam, had you bin a wife, these Familiarities might very well becom you, but being (*quod dicere nolo*) it does too much shew, that lawful beds

are not so highly courted as these: the use whereof will cost a grand Repentance. The Collonel can tell how expensive that sport hath been; who from an estate of 3 or 4000 l. *per ann.* is brought to Twelve-pennie exigencies. I do abhor to upbraid, or insult upon unfortunate misery; I would you were as tender of your selves, as I shall be; and I could wish that you would send these Letters which I send to you, to your two best Beloveds, *Dick* and *Hall*, with a Palinodia, or Recantation, and say, *Mary* is not *Mary* now, but shall stand upon a *Ward*, or Guard, which you will, of future Chastity. Which is the humble request of

Madam,

Votre tres humble Serviture,

De Speciosa Villa.

TO THE

Ingenious and enamour'd Collonel,

Collonel *HENRY MARTEN.*

SIR,

THese Letters of Yours to Yours, had not ſeene the world, if you your ſelf had not given juſt occaſion for the incivilitie. There was a time (I would it had never been) when you voted and principally cauſed the Sacred Letters of your Soveraign, and his Queen (the Cabinet as it was ſtiled) to be made publick. There was a time (would it had never bin) when at *Longworth* you tore in pieces, with your own hands, the Kings Commiſſion of Array. Pretty devices theſe (Collonel;) but now you ſee the times of retaliation are come: I am very glad they are come, that ſuch rebellious and inhumane perſons may be in their kinde requited. *I know your genius of old, being of long acquaintance, ever ſince you liv'd in Alderſgate-ſtreet, under the tuition of the* then call'd Blew-nos'd Romaniſt your Father, who was the beſt Civilian in our Horizon, and a Sin-ſwinger, as they termed him: yet you, Collonel, were not under his verge, though you then deſerved his cenſure as much as you doe now: How could it be otherwiſe expected, but that that vaſt eſtate (for he had but 40 l. *per ann.* of his own) ſhould be expended, diſſipated (as Mr. *Noy* ſaid in another caſe) in ſuch caſes as you found out. This laſt, I could have wiſh'd *Caſus omiſſus*, but you thought otherwiſe, and return'd the

ſtreame:

ſtreames to the Sea, that is, your ebb of expences reflux'd to the Sins and Venerie from whence their Flood was. Pious uſe's money was ſpent in impious, and the Commutation fee ſpent upon Commimity. Let theſe Letters ſtand a charge for ever againſt you, higher then that for your life, and teſtifie what a Reformer you and your fellow-Governours of this Nation were like to be; who, if they were all ſo well decyphered, I believe we ſhould finde them as true as your ſelf to the Smock, or your Page *Dick Pettingall*. Bleſſed Reformers! *Noll* and *Hall*, or *Hall* and *Null*, *Ingenioſi nequam*, Madam *Lambert*, and *Mary Ward*, and Old Nick take you, if you were not *Ad perdendam Rempublicam & Regem maximè idonei*.

Well Sir, you are now in the Tower, keep there, and if you can recant, repent; and now your noſe is out of date, die however like a Roman. Forſake *Mall* and Presb. and all the Witchcrafts of your life, and from a Martin-mar-King, and mar-Prelate, turne a true S. *Martin*, that is, a Convert: which is the wiſh,

Sir,

Of Yours,

De Speciosâ Villâ.

To the high Inamoretto of the Lady MARY MARTEN.

Sicelides Musæ Paulo majora Canamus.

THe Pen of a Balzaac, or a Cleaveland, will be ſcarce lofty enough to write of thee, Dick Pettingall, who from a Page art exalted to be Secretary and Courtly ſervant to thy own Miſtreſs: Thou didſt do her more then eye-ſervice, Dick, where ere ſhe pick't thee up. 'Twas to be feared the many How. doe-y'u's and Good-morrows ſent by thy love-ſmitten Maſter, would inſtruct thee ſometime or other to ſpeak a word for thyſelf. To hold the door deſerves now and then admittance into the Conclave: what hinders, but that a pimp (in defectu) may be a Coadjutor? Like Maſter like man, is a very good Proverb, and Moll is as good in the dark as my Lady, and Dick as Hall. With what a battery of language doſt thou ſtorme that Caſtle, which ſurrendred at a parley of Harry Martens: Thy great Guns play'd night and day, before the ſweet Rendition. Curſt theif! what Qualmes ſhe put thee in, before thou hadſt made uſe of Aſtolphos ſtorie, thy ſelf, poore Lad, wert Orlando Furioſo! but at laſt, what can hold out for ever?

Caſta

Casta est quam nemo rogavit.

Importunity is as prevalent as Gold; but Dick, learn these verses against the courting of your next Lady (if Maidam Mary *may not be totally yours now.)*

Pulveris aurati pluvia sit sparsa papyris,
Rescribet Danae solicitata veni.
Sprinkle your amorous lines with golden dust,
And courted Danae *sayes, my Dick, we must.*

What store of this golden powder hath beene strewd upon her let the lost Manours of that exhausted Collonel speak, whose Father did disinherit him in leaving him so vast a Fortune, as the Poet sings,

Exhæredavit te Philomuse Pater.
The Estate that's left an unthrift Son,
Is but a disinherison.

For there are more calamities to an estate, then there are stormes and tempests, as you may read in Plautus, *where a* Glycerium, a Philocomasium, *a girl in English are found* Calamitas bonorum Hamaxagogæ, foras Gerones, *one girle, Dick, is Waggoner, and Teams to draw a grand fortune into a small center, such as Dick at present I leave thee in, till thy soul awake, and thou see the danger of the pit thou hast so long laid wallow in. Accept of this good counsel, which is bestowed gratis, from*

Sir, Yours,

Coll: *Henry Martins*

FAMILIAR

EPISTLES

To his Lady of Pleaſure; alſo his Politick and Oeconomical *Letters*, &c.

LETTER I.

A Copy of H. Martins *Letter in juſtification of the Murther of the Late King* CHARLES.

Sir

MY perſon being hitherto by Gods providence preſerved from our old enraged and new empowred enemies, yet knowing that Divine Vengeance is not ſo to be eſcaped, if guilt lies in my boſome, I thought, that of that leiſure I now have, I might well employ ſome time in arraigning my ſelfe at the bar of my own conſcience, and finde, if

I could, how *I* came to deserve (from men I mean) the rigours I undergo in the losse of that reparation and estate *I* left behind me, besides the manifold inconveniencies and difficulties *I* carry with me for the teaching our a pursued life in a strange land.

Upon serious consultation, (it seems to me) the Royal party could contrive no one sacrifice so proper to appease the ghost of their often foiled cause, both in point of revenge & interest, as the persons who had the boldness to make an example of their Ring-leader.

The report of the crimes charged upon me overtakes me whersoever *I* go, though the reporters know not how nearly some of their auditors are concerned therein, and it runs to this effect, extended or extenuated according to the severall affections of the relater.

1. That *I* with divers others about 11 or 12 years past, did sit in judgement upon the late King, and signed a Warrant for his execution, accordingly he was put to death, and *I* thereby became guilty of Treason and Murther.

2. That *I* with some others did fire for the same.

Thereupon calling a Court at home, and to the best of my understanding having acted *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, the Lion and the Moon-shine (with lesse partiality perhaps one way, then would have appeared the other in the Votes on your side the water) *I* stood clearly acquitted upon the whole matter, yet could *I* not satisfie my self with keeping this Verdict in my pocket, which (for ought *I* knew) might be serviceable for my Countrey, if by your meanes, and according to your discretion communicated; for though *I* doubt not but my fellow Commissioners now in question with you, upon that account are as well read as my selfe in the same truths *I* shall declare, yet considering they are to fence for their lives with Masters in the Art, and their Masters too, it will probably behoove them neither to confess, nor to exasperate.

1. My

1. My ſelf far enough from both thoſe cases, am content to acknowledge the bare matter of fact, that is, *I* did with others, about ſuch a time ſit in judgement upon ſuch a perſon, and ſigned a Warrant for his execution, whereupon *I* believe he was after executed.

2. Could *I* have foreſeen how dearly publick freedome muſt be bought, and how hardly it can be kept, *I* would have uſed onely my paſſive valour againſt all the late Kings oppreſſions, rather then voted, as *I* did, any War at all, though a defenſive one: for you muſt underſtand that this act, whether its name be Treaſon and Murther, or Reaſon and Juſtice, its Parent was a Civil War.

3. Had *I* ſuſpected that the Axe which took off the late Kings head, ſhould have been made a ſtirrop for our firſt falſe General, *I* ſhould ſooner have conſented to my owne death then his.

4. *I* am ſatisfied in my conſcience that the ſaid King thought in his conſcience he died unjuſtly; wherein (if it were not preſumption too high for me) *I* ſhould blame the Parliament for having alwayes forborn to declare unto him his ſubjection to the Law, nay for having upon the matter ſo behaved themſelves towards him, as might encourage him to think himſelf unaccountable to man for whatſoever he ſhould do.

5. *I* believe it was irregularly done of the Parliament, both in the Earl of *Strafford*s caſe and in this, to order the triall of any particular perſon, their proper buſineſs having been anciently *Legis latura* and *aris datura*: at that time the whole Parliaments work, and the Supreme Magiſtracy was devolved into one houſe. Whereunto nevertheleſſe no judicative power ought to belong, though there be here and there preſidents of it in former times.

6. My opinion is, that the way of triall by Commiſſioners without a Jury was yet more irregular, for he ought not to have been put into a worſe condition then the mea-

neſt Engliſhman, who may claime to be tried in a knowne Judicatory before ſworn Judges, and by a Jury of twelve men, all agreeing; if it be for his life, by two Inqueſts upon oath one after another. Although in this caſe it could not have come to the petty Jury, becauſe the King refuſed to plead.

In all this *I* take no Murther to my ſelf, nor Treaſon, as being ſure *I* had no murtherous nor treaſonable intent about me in what *I* did.

Murther it is either ſo by ſtatute, when *I* kill a man ſuddenly, without being provoked by him *I* ſhall be ſuppoſed to bear malice in my heart towards mankind in generall: when *I* kill a man, though in an accidental fray, if with ſuch a kind of weapon as bewrayes a bloody mind: when *I* kill a legal Officer in the execution of his office: when *I* kill him whom *I* intend but to wound or maime, or when *I* kill one thinking to have killed or hurt another; in like manner adviſing, aſſiſting, abetting and concealing murther, is the crime adviſed, aſſiſted, abetted, or concealed.

Murther at the Common Law *I* commit, when *I* kill or cauſe to be killed or hurt, ſo as he die thereof within a year, any man, woman, or child, upon malice prepenſed, which I ſhall be underſtood to bear him, though *I* had no former grudge to his perſon, if by his death I projected any advantage to my ſelf, or to any other who employed me therein, or with whom *I* combined; therefore I cannot apprehend how my caſe ſhould fall into any one of theſe qualifications; and yet I confeſſe, did I appear to have killed a man, or cauſed to be killed, and could ſay no more in my own juſtification then the negatives of what I have now enumerated, it would hardly ſerve my turn; my plea therefore is, That I judged the late King. *

* *Although* Martins *name be not to the Letter; yet he owned it to a Member of the Houſe of Commons to*

be of his own enditing and writing, who being askt by the ſaid Member to whom he did intend to have ſent it; he made this anſwer, that he intended it for the Preſſe, as a Letter from himſelfe to a friend, believing that it might ſweline (at leaſt) ſome of the people (naming the Jurie) that were to paſſe upon the lives of his fellowes, to a moderation toward them.

LET.

LETTER II.

My laſt and onely Love, though I were ſure to live an hundred years longer, and thou wer half ſo many hours.

AS for news, it cannot be worth the gaping after (any more then the weather) the worſt will come ſoone enough; the beſt is like to be welcome whenſoever it comes. I confeſs what I hear is not very good, but (juſt like weather again) it may rain two or three dayes in a weeke, and that in ſummer, and it may hold up a fortnight together, and that in the midſt of winter. The Skill is, not in being weather-wiſe, but weather-proof. In one thing, the ſtorms I mean, are contrary to thoſe the clouds poure upon us: for in that caſe it is beſt to keep all our clothes about us, and houſes over our heads; in my caſe, to throw off all we can, and ſnugg like a mule within our own ſelves, that is, our mindes, which no body but we can touch. I could ſtuff my whole ſheet of paper with this diſcourſe, but that I have a bigger providing for thee. Beſides, I hope to talk it out with thee very ſhortly: and but for the weather, in earneſt, I believe my keeper would have fetched thee to me by this time. My Dear, it is indeed a very great bleſſing that you have all your healths, as I have mine, I thank God. Methinks, when I have that, and meet an enemy (of what kind ſoever) I am able to keep him at ſwords point; when I want that, he is got within me, and it requires a huge ſtrength of heart to keep one's ground, when both ſides are ſet upon at once: I like the good uſe thou makeſt of your being little better then priſoners; ſure thou art a piece of a Philoſopher. That Lord ſhould not deceive me quite, yet no faſtening upon any thing that may miſcarry. *Loder* was yeſterday with me, and inſtead of ſatisfying what I preſſed him to, told me, that until he ſaw the end of th. next Term he knew not whether he ſhould be undone or no by medling with my eſtate; they bear him down at Court that all

is

is juggling betwixt him and me: and lest they should take the advantage of the weekly allowance *I* receive from his Cousin *Stanton*, *I* must receive it henceforth from my Sister *Edmonds*, to whom he will pay it. Do not let this trouble my sweet soul neither, for thou and *I* have leaned upon many a broken reed ere now, and afterwards lighted upon a sounder stuff. Hitherto was written yesterday: This morning my son is gotten in to me, and *I* will presse hard for thee by hook or by crook: yet this newes *I* must tell thee that he brought me from my brother *Stonhouse*, that (contrary to what *I* had heard) nothing at all has been done in the house against us since one single motion on munday was sevennight, seconded by no body. *Betty* is not come yet, though provided for. *I* thank thee for my Ale, it was very good. All happinesse to my sweet soul this fine day, and ever and ever.

Thine for such a time. *H. M.*

LETTER 3.

My Dearest,

THough *I* have nothing to enclose in my paper, but the same heart which was thine before, yet *I* must be writing, because thou wilt have it so; and besides, if ever thou hadst need of a mans heart, it is now. *Dick* was here to day *I* thank him, but did not tell me the worst. *I* will try all the wayes *I* can above ground to help thee, if an officer come that thou thinkest is one indeed, thou must give him thy right name; thou must tell him thy other too, and bid him set down both, for thou art known and called by both. The poor wench that carries this *I* believe loves thee, which makes me almost troubled that *I* have not a penny to give her. Munday is neer, till then, and afterwards, and for ever, God keep thee, and my soul,

Thy *H. Martin.*

LETTER 4.

My sweet soul,

WHether *I* have any thing to send thee or no, *I* must be scribling to thee. perhaps *I* am as well pleased in the doing of it, as thou in the receiving. First, *I* give thee an account of my self, and as to that *I* am very well (I thank God) though my Doctor (whose name would foule this paper too) hath beene with me (off and on) ever since midnight. Next, *I* am to have an account how my Deare does, and my brats, though *I* can scarce believe a word thou sayest, when thou telleſt me they are all well; therefore the bearers eyes are sure to be examined at his return. Lastly, it is not much amiss to let thee see, for thy comfort, that one who has never a penny in his purse may be able to send his Love something that may be reasonable good, and get a porter to carry it. The roots come from Colchester, and the water with a little sugar tasts not ill (methinks.) God be with my poor heart, and all the little pieces thereof.

Thine everlastingly,

Henry Martin.

Countrey *Robin* went away yesterday as wise as he came, but *I* wrote by him my service to our Friend.

LETTER

LETTER 5.

My poor ſweet dear heart and ſoul,

HOw doſt thou do? *I* would have ſeen thee whipt before *I* had told thee the other days news, if it had not been to prevent a worſe inconvenience: neither can I yet come to the ſpeech of the Gentleman Porter, whereby *I* might underſtand the bottom of that buſineſſe. Well, in ſpight of 'um all, thou and I will ſee one another if we can, and (if we cannot) love one another better then any of them is able to love himſelf. I have ſet another friend of mine to work about lodgings for thee, and I have provided this for Mr. *Pettingale* to loſe his labour with, if thou and he think fit, and have wherewithall. Here are a few pennies and a bottle of good Claret I believe. Bleſſing upon all my pretty brats, and upon their own mother, and ſee if it can miſs her,

H. Marten.

LETTER 6.

My poor ſweet Dear,

WOuld I could do thee halfe ſo much good as thou doſt me in letting me know how thou doſt, though it be far otherwiſe then I would have thee. *Tom Peyton* told me indeed that thou took'ſt a vomit laſt Sunday, but wert pretty well upon it. *I* am afraid *I* can gueſſe too right at the greateſt part of thy diſeaſe, or at leaſt, the ground of it, which is melancholy and thoughtfulneſs for things which *I* can apply no remedy to, ſo much as by diſcourſe, otherwiſe then this way, and that thou ſhalt not faile of, ſo long as *I* can reach pen, and ink, and paper. *I* confeſſe *I* am glad when thou doſt furniſh me with meſſengers, partly to ſave the charge of a porter, and chiefly to underſtand how it is with thee and my children. Laſt week *I* wrote a letter into Berkſhire to a friend (as *I* thought) for ſome matters, but got not ſo much as an anſwer again. *I* did the ſame week ſet another inſtrument on work, but have yet no account of it. Major *Wildmans* impriſonment was unlucky to me, and Mr. *Loders* reſtraint and my daughters ſome way or other though we ſhall be aſſiſted, becauſe I have beene on bare boord a thouſand times in my life, and yet ſtill found a twig or ſomething to hold me up. But *I* am reſolved that the next 30 l. which comes ſhall be the Lievtenants; leſſer ſummes may do the reſt of thy body ſervice; But that muſt cure thy heart, which dwells here with

My Soul, thy true

H. Marten.

LETTER

LETTER 7.

My dear Love,

NOt ſo much to ſend thee thy Oranges and thy Peares that thou left'ſt behind thee, nor any thing elſe to keep them company, nor to give thee an account how pittifully *Sarah* cryes now ſhe is with her father, nor to know from thee how thou didſt ſpeed at Mr. *Stantons* with my note; do I diſpatch this bearer to thee, as to learn how my two brats do, that are now in thy armes, eſpecially the little one, who wants the others heart, and yet had as good a one of her own, that thou gaveſt her twice already: if ſhe mend, I need not wiſh thee joy, but in caſe ſhe doe not, *I* muſt put thee in mind, that every thing thou haſt, except thy mind (that is thy ſelf) is looſe about thee, as well thy Smock, and whatſoever is neereſt thee, as thy uppermoſt Garments, and thoſe that thou wert plundered off above ſeven years ago. *I* do not forget thy Cordial, as ſoon as I have any opportunity of ſending to the place. For this time *I* bid thee good morrow with all my heart, that is, with all thy ſelf, and reſt (though but outwardly, till I hear from thee.)

My Souls own,

Saturday, betwixt 8. or 9. of the forenoon. *H. Marten.*

LETTER 8.

My own Heart,

I Know not what haſt this Letter will make to thee: but I thought to have ſent up little *Ferrie*, whom riding hath made ſo ſore, that I cannot find in my heart to make trot till to morrow; then he muſt and will be with thee, I hope, by Wedneſday night. *I* was fain to lie at *Abington* Saturday night; yet I ſtick to the note thou haſt by thee of going hence to morrow. The worſt is *I* can ſend thee no money, in regard Major *Wildman* is gone again into Suſſex. *Lemſter* I preſume will do it, if thou canſt make any ſhift in the mean time. I hope thou haſt gotten little *Peggies* things from *Brainford*, though I was glad to write a ticket to Mrs. *Pariſh* for the loan of 40 s. to fetch them off. M. *Ingram* hath given me very good ſatisfaction concerning his wives words, which *I* would relate to thee at large, but that *I* believe thou knoweſt all already by a Letter he ſent me up on Thurſday. *Nan Stone*, contrary to my expectation, did come downe with the Carrier appointed. Our Girles (eſpecially *Jinnie*) are but courſely uſed by their mother; yet being only words, they muſt endure it for ought *I* know; the rather for that (if they liſt) they may neglect and deſpiſe her as much as their Siſter *Nan* does. Remember me to all my friends according to their ſeverall capacities: but be very careful, my Dear, of her lame brother, of my couple of biddies, and of my ſtudy-doore key. *I* am, and ſo am like to be a great while,

My ſweet Soul,

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 9.

My Dear ſoul,

IS it not long enough in all conſcience ſince thou and I ſaw one another? methinks it is a pretty while ſince thou hadſt a letter from me. But *Tom Peyton*'s coming one day, and *Job Ward*s the next, made a reaſonable ſhift to ſtay my ſtomack. The latter of 'um (*I* thank him) drunk thee up a bottle of good Sack; there is never a drop lett neither. But thou doſt not grudge it him at parting; and *I* hope now he is off hand. Prethee charge *Tiffie* to tell me truly how my poor bmt does. Thou muſt ſend me to morrow thy 40s. Ambaſſador to be imployed in another money buſineſſe, perhaps he has a luckier hand then *Dick*: and in the mean time one of them ſhould goe to the inner Temple Cloyſter,, about the middle whereof is a doore into a little Court,, and alſo by the doore a Stationers ſhop; where I would have it enquired, how a body may find Mr. *Chute*, a young Gentleman, whoſe father was a good Lawyer, and had chambers in that Court: if they are not able to inform, it is likely one may learn at my L. *P*-'s lodgings. The encloſed *I* ſend thee (not for thy opinion in the anſwering, for *I* have anſwered it already, and told him *I* knew thy minde as well as if *I* were in thy belly, but) to ſhew thee that the honeſt fellow will not forget us quite. The truth is, the weather and wayes too are very tolerable yet, and it is a huge while to maintain a family in *Hackney* lodgings till the Spring. *I* have not ſent Sir *John* any meſſage yet by the Gentleman Porter concerning thy quartering with me (as *I* intended) becauſe his onely child is now ſick again, and has been almoſt a week, ſo as, till that be over (as they ſay he is upon recovery) there is no coming neer him for any favour. Let me know all thy mind by *Tom*, either in writing

or

or word of mouth, (for ſure writing is too much toil for thee in this caſe) and thou ſhalt hear again from

My ſweet Love,

Thy own,

H. M.

LETTER 10.

My Deare,

FOr all I ſent thee a double Letter yeſterday by *Job*, and got never a one from thee to day by thy man, yet thou ſhalt have another now, together with a leg of mutton, two loaves, a peck of flower (though not of 18 d. the buſhel) and four bottles of *Will. Parkers* Lemon Ale. He brought me a fine Noſegay, and Strowings, and ſome Lettice that he was fain to borrow, and ſcarce worth taking up; however *I* like his coming, to ſave the charges of a Porter, which *I* finde conſiderable, though he be a very honeſt fellow. Therefore let *Stephen* come again on Thurſday morning, and no farther then the Butchers, who can better come to me then he. Buſs *Baconhog* for me, the reſt I muſt buſs my ſelf, when I can catch them. My ſervice to our true friend, and good morrow,

My ſweet Soul,

Thy own

H. Marten.

LETTER

LETTER 11.

My Heart,

IT was late this morning ere *I* received thy yeſterdayes basket (and Letter, the ſweeteſt flower in the parcel) ſo as I ſhould not have ſent thee an anſwer till to morrow in the company of ſome vitch, but that *I* longed to vent a little of my newes. *I* have gotten, not *Dick Peters* himſelf, but a man of his, with inſtructions to ſtay here ſo long as *I* will have him, and wait upon whom *I* bid him. *Dick* does reſerve that farme for thee, and would have come up, but that in order to his journey he haſtened his wife out of *Derbiſhire*, while ſhe was too greene, into that place, where ſhe has taken cold enough to make a new lying in of it, that he knowes not whether ſhe will live or die. Therefore, though *I* wiſh our true friend well again, for his own ſake chiefly, yet I confeſs I wiſh't very much for thine. *I* believe the other matter is very neer ripe too, *I* mean, halfe of it, ſo far as *I* could drive it. More of that on Monday. At laſt Mr *Loder* is come to town, & *I* think will let me ſee him to morrow. My Keeper and I are contriving how I may ſee ſomebodie elſe; but *I* will not tell thee who that is, becauſe thou haſt a ſhrewd gueſſe of thy owne. *I* have ſent thee two Tower loaves of two ſorts, and every pennie of money I have. 'Twil mend, and ſo will

Thy own

Henry Marten.

LETTER

LETTER 12.

My own Heart,

I Have ſpoken, and am fairly promiſed a Regiment, but of Foot. *M*--- will not be in town till to morrow ſeven-night, or tueſday next at ſooneſt. My Lady *L*--- made very much of me, and asked kindly for thee: ſhe goes not away till the next week toward the end of it. I told her when thou art to be Churched, and that thou would'ſt viſit her ſo ſoon as ever thou com'ſt abroad. But ſhe means to prevent thee; ſo as I muſt ſend thee ſome goodneſſe to morrow for her. This roguy money does not come according to promiſe; it will ſure. In the mean while I am though

Thy poor, thy true,

H. Marten.

LETTER 13.

Sirrah,

'Tis no wonder if *I* love thee dearly now, for *I* heare ſay thou gotteſt money the other day. This day little Bacon-hog is one week elder then ſhe was; and to morrow night I intend to viſit Mopper. Mean while (Huſſie) doe you make much of my Peggy. For I hope by to morrow ſeven-night to fetch them up mother and all: and then I warrant thee if I buſſe pretty *Lucie Parker*, thou wilt be yellow of

My Heart,

Thy owne,

H. Martin.

LET-

LETTER 14.

My ſweet ſoul,

BEſides ſeeing thee (which is good at any time) and being kept touch withall according to promiſe (which honeſt people love dearly) *I* have a buſhel of talk for thee to entertain thee with, ſo as I doubt thou wilt not have time to eat a bit with me, yet I ſhall look for thee about dinner time, and get ſome fiſh for my ſelf and thoſe that come with thee. And me thinks it ſhould be a fine day to bring me as many of my Brats as are in a condition for health, and hang clothes.

Here is a note incloſed which will help thee to ſome money for the purpoſe we deſigned it, from which I would not have thee divert it by any means. Good morrow to my Heart till anon.

Thy

H. M. now
and anon too.

Prethee go over to 'um (at leaſt) to let me know how they doe, and leave this little token for 'um.

LETTER 15.

My poor Dove,

THough *I* ſtarved thee yeſterday with cold, by forgetting to ſend thee wood, *I* will make thee amends to day in telling thee *I* ſhall not run away from thee. *Scot* and *Robinſon* are gone on that errand. I am to meet with *Greg* anone. What we ſhall do I know not; but *I* will make a bolt or ſhaft of it now, and not abate him a farthing of that I reſolved, either in money or in time, like

My own heart,

Thy

LETTER 16.

My Soul,

WHen ſhall *I* ſee thee? when ſhall *I* have thee within ſome compaſs of; being able to ſend to thee, or hear from thee once every day? The ugly Carriers Porters wife cheated me, when ſhe told me ſhe would come againe, and perhaps cheated thee of thy ſhoulder of mutton. I have now ſent thee a little of my *Longworth* commodity, and a ſcrapp of the buſineſs, *viz.* 4 s. Buſs my little brats for;

My Heart,

Their Daddy, *H.M.*

LETTER 17.

Good morrow Vallentine

FOr thou art firſt in my eye, or in my heart; but thou art not like to be mocked firſt, no more then poore Baconhog is with her little tooſſes: thou ſhalt have cloth for all four bums ſo ſoon as ever *I* can ſpin: *I* have ſome hemp upon the wheele. Mean while here is a dozen of egs for thee, and a pound of butter, juſt now bought of a countrey Hegler. According to our bargain *I* am to have ſome graſs from thee: let it not be much. B'w'y ſweet Soul.

Thy own,

Henry Martin.

The Captaine hath ſent me one of his countrey Waſtcoats, which *I* have upon my back; by the ſame then thy maid may be glad ſhe has not the waſhing of the old one: for *I* believe it would take up more ſope then *I* ſent the other day.

LETTER 18.

My deareſt Dear,

THou haſt *I* hope by this time digeſted one ſhrewd brunt, and art the better prepared for another. To morrow morning we are all to appear at the Houſe of Commons, to ſhew cauſe why the ſentence given againſt us ſhould not be executed. I think we can ſhew a very good one, wherein the Kings honour and the Paliaments is concerned: if they think otherwiſe, who can help it? That can

My ſweet Love,

Thy own for ever
and ever, *H. Marten.*

LETTER 19.

My ſweet dear Love and Soul,

LEt me know how thou do'ſt, either by Letter of any body's writing, or by any meſſenger. As for matters, I have now ſet ſo many wheeles a going, that ſome will fadge ſure; *I* mean conſiderable, for *I* am pretty certaine of being able to ſend thee a ſcrap before monday night. Keep up thy poor heart, ſweet Soul, a little while, though thou haſt no reaſon for it, but for that *I* am ever and ever

Thy own, and no bodies elſe,
nor any thing elſe,

H. M.

LETTER 20.

My Heart,

THis Letter is not to thee, it is to honeſt * *Dick*, that will entitle me to the doing him any good; for though *I* was very well before, yet methinks that conceit makes me a great deal better.

I will not write to thy man, but I will goe very neare to do for him as thou bidſt me, ſhortly too: and I will promiſe me to forbeare what thou forbiddeſt me, that is, giving him money; it is not ſo fluſh; neither did I ever except one ſix pence. Commend me to poor little *Petty*. Thou doſt according to my own heart, and God will bleſſe thee and thy little *Bettyes*, and

Thy old Dear,

H. M.

LETTER 21.

My heart,

THou muſt not be a naughty Deare, becauſe I look like one in not coming, nor writing to thee ſince monday morning, and keeping Mopper from thee too. But the * Houſe and the Council doe make ſuch a Rogue of me, that *I* have much adoe to ſay my prayers; and yet *I* muſt pray all this day in the Houſe; ſoon *I* hope to be with thee, and mean while thou muſt accept this pretty token of my love, from

Sweet Soul
Thy own, *H. M.*

LETTER 22.

My poorest ſweeteſt deareſt heart and ſoul,

BEar up a little longer, and arm thy ſelf for the worſt. If God will not let thee keep all 3 thank him for two: if thou canſt not have a ſight of thy own, make much of a piece of paper from him; and if that get nothing in it, put the top and the bottom together, & there is a little Cordial. There is ſome luck too that this bearer can come at me: let us make the beſt uſe of what we have, and let me know by the next whether you and *Dick* doe approve of the other *Eſſex* job. I cannot abide to keep any of thy few friends (eſpecially all of them) ſo long from thee: and therefore God be with thee, and with

Thy ever and ever, and ever,

H. Marten.

LETTER 23.

My Deareſt,

I Sent thee a barrel of Oyſters yeſterday, which I hope the brats have not guttled away; for my meaning was they ſhould be ſaved till thy Churching, and then thou mighteſt eat ſome thy ſelf. My Hartington chapman hangs an arſe ſtill, but the Lemſter man is come to town, and ſo is Loder. The deuce is in it if ſome money does not come from ſome place. Mean while it is pretty good luck that I can get credit for thy victuals and the families, and dine my ſelf every day almoſt upon free-coſt. Poor *Hall* is faine to quarter with his Aunt, who is now rid (as they tell me)

of

of her ſhee gueſt, and of her ſickneſſe, onely lame ſtill, and keeps her bed. Good morrow to my ſweet Love, ſaith

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 24.

My deare,

IF any butter would ſtick upon my bread, I ſhould by this time have had wherewith to warme thy fingers ends; but my poor ſoul muſt put on a buſhel of patience: For though it be but Wedneſday morning, I am at the bottome of my tubb, having given the bearer money to buy thee nine pound of ſoap, two pound of candles, one of ruſh, the other of cotton of eights, and a ſixpenny loaf. I am glad to hear thou and my brats are well. So ſoon as any good news comes, thou ſhalt be ſure to heare of it, and feel it. So good morrow to my ſweet Love.

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 25.

My ſweet ſoul,

I Do confeſſe it is hard to make bread without corne, though the baker be never ſo good: therefore (and indeed for reaſons enough beſides) I do all I can about the crop: as it comes in thou ſhalt have notice; and however, that we may think what is to be done next. I cannot ſend thee any thing now, becauſe of *Jinnies* being here; but if thou canſt ſend me ſome meſſenger to morrow morning, I ſhall have a good bit or two for thee, and for my brats.

brats. I believe thy brother will be good company for thee, I mean for thy ſecurity as long as thou ſtayeſt there: if thou haſt reaſons to the contrary, give me but a hint of it, and he ſhall be perſwaded to quarter elſewhere. My ſervice to your honeſt Landlord. I reſt, my heart,

Thy owne

H. Marten.

LETTER 26.

My ſweet Love,

I Have ſpoken and prevailed with Mrs. *Dawſon*, who deſires Mr. *Stephens* would come to her houſe any morning in St. *Martins* lane, juſt above the old Swan ſtairs, and authorize her from my Lady *P---* to deale for ſuch commodities in her Ladyſhips behalf, and keep them at her owne home when ſhe has bought them, till my Lady has occaſion to uſe them. 50 or 60 l. ſhall be ready: and I believe, if need be, as much more, if the penniworths be anſwerable: and when the goods be there, they are not at *Bennets*, nor any bodies that will put thee to ſtreights to redeem 'um, or make 'um eat out their heads. If thou canſt not conveniently get Mr. *Stephens* to go ſo far, go thy ſelf: She will be glad to ſee thee; thou wilt finde her a very good body, and diſcreet, and one that loves him that thou doſt not hate. And if thou be'ſt yellow, what care I? My ſervice to that friend of thine, of whom I am not ſo yellow, as all the world beſides is, becauſe I doe know better then they, that I and no body elſe is,

My Dears own own

H. Marten.

LETTER 27.

My sweet Love,

I Thank thee for thy two Tokens of yesterday, though thou didst but send them me, and hadst them safe home again I hope. I do partly expect thee here to day: prethee come or send, if thou canst, if for nothing else, that I may know how thou dost after thy Pills Ruff and thy poor belly. But I would fain have a bushel of talk with thee too. Mean while I have sent thee by this bearer to be laid out in Southwark market (since he did so well last time) 3 s. 6 d. for a joynt of meat at his discretion, 1 s. for a loaf of bread, and 2 s. for a quart bottle of Canary, and 1 s. for himself. Morrow to my Heart, and I was going to say I rest, but I believe I shall not, till thou beest either seen or heard of by, Soul,

Thy

H. Martens.

LETTER 28.

My poor sweet soul,

THat I could send thee my two armes and hands at the ends of 'um encloſed in a Letter: for indeed I begin now to be as much afraid of thee as of my little baby, and of the two I know which would be most missed, to say nothing of the simple thing called love. I may well call it simple, because it won't be gone, if a body would never so fain; but (like a disease) the more pittifull the party is wherein it lies, the stronger and lustier it growes. Prethee Dear, think of some body to help thee in this luggage; if thou art not provided with a fitter, I should commend the bearers big girle *Sarah*, for whom, though I cannot say much in many other respects, yet I have ob-

obſerved her very good natur'd towards an untowardly child as can be *Bettie Cowſs*, by the ſame, token that the mother on't commonly will give her a penny a time to tend her for an hour or two in her abſence, then ſhe is truſty and at hand to be ſent of errands, eſpecially betwixt thee and me, and looſe, and to be turned off again at pleaſure: let me know thy minde herein, but I ſhall not be right, till thou get ſome body or other to take off part of thy drudgery.

Poppets Ague is turned into the ſleeping diſeaſe I think, ſhe will eat no meat, nor pottage made of meat, nor egge, yet well enough, and merry with a few humours, that *I* can make an aſſe of as *I* liſt: ſhe has not taken her powder, but ſhall ere thou hear from us again.

Will. A--- was here yeſterday, as you may perceive by the bottle, and the *Longworth* Pidgeons had a mind to take their leaves of her, before they flew quite away.

This little token is for *Peggie*, who is to keep two of the ſummes for her younger ſiſters, and make uſe of the third for her Fathers ſake, who is,

My Loves Love,

H.M.

If any little mad girle have loſt a ſmall parcel of golden ear-rings, I know a cunning man will caſt a figure for 'um, and uſe her reaſonably.

LETTER 29.

HOw did my poor Dear sleep last night, after the alarm thy man gave thee from hence? but thou hast been used to such things. The worst was he had nothing to carry thee from me except a couple of candles: but thou art used to that too. *I* shall now give some comfort to thy little heart, having lately perused the Kings Speech and the Chancelors, either *I* am very much mistaken in them, or they signifie no great danger to us, whose faults are almost as old as our selves. Then *I* believe Mr. C---- will be with thee either to day or to morrow morning with a small token of my love. But dost thou wonder that *I* should know thy minde as well as if *I* were in thy belly? why thou know'st mine, and if *I* thought there were ever a corner in it dark towards thee, *I* would set it on a light fire but thou shouldst see it. Oh the pitifull butter that thy man bought the other day! this *I* hope is better, but if it be not, I could not help it, for it was past nine this morning ere my doore was unlocked, and then the first businesse was to borrow a little money of one of my fellow prisoners, so that by that time I can send for any thing the best of the market is gone. Here is somewhat else for thee too, as bread, and beer, and sparagus, and 3 s. to buy thee coles (for if your countrey be not hotter then this, you will hardly know it to be mid-day by the weather) which is more by 2 s. 9 d. then *I* was worth three hours agoe. Because we will offend our Gentlemen no more then we needs must, thou shalt not send so much as *Peggie* or any body else to me, yet *I* will make a shift either every day, or once in two dayes at least to conveigh a piece of paper to thee; and *I* am not very angry with thee (what ever the matter is) for thy scribbling so often to me. But hark you (housewife) *I* will not have *Dick* thank you for nursing

sing him up, but me for making you a nurse: For what a simple one hadst thou been, if thou hadst not practised two or three times upon

My Love,

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 30.

O my dear Love,

THe danger thou wert in by thy coming to me, and the fright I was in by telling me so: for the simple woman when she was denied coming into the Tower, and delivered her basket and napkin at the gate, must needs tell them she had a letter too for the Collonel: which, by good fortune, though the other broke it open, no body read but the Gentleman Porter, and he told them there was nothing in it, as indeed there was not, but about the little girle; yet that might have bred trouble enough, as it was like to have been construed; and the Gentleman Porter himself does not know how it may be taken if she should stay long; she's shod but wants other things pitifully; as *I* can help her *I* will, and long, for a thousand reasons, to see her backside, I mean, to see her taken down with thee into the Countrey. I did at a venture send for Dick by the last post, that if he could possibly, he should come up himself, if not, send up the same man with one or two horses and a paire of panniers. *I* may well call it an adventure, considering how we are provided but God may send somewhat in the mean time, or if honest Dick be here in person, the labour will not be lost. It is unlucky that your man is sick; but if the small Pox was to come, it could not have lighted better amongst you. I am glad to hear that the little one will save you fewel for dres-

ſing her meat, ſo ſhe can have it raw: but I believe that was onely a fit of her teeth which made her glad of the cold ſhe found in the raw fleſh. Since I wrote thus far, Maſter *T*------- adviſes me to rid away the girle ſo ſoon as ever *I* can conveniently, for the ſtrictneſſe encreaſes, though no body knowes any reaſon for it. I have ſent thee ſuch commodities as I have, with order to buy ſome things by the way, and with a little token in the belly of my letter. And ſo good morrow to my ſweet Soul, and the Gentleman that is as whole as a Fiſh, and to my leaſt of brats, and to *Clem*, together with *Betty*'s commendations, that has been very earneſt with me to ſend her a piece of Lamprey: I am fain to tell her that *Glem*'s Miſtreſs muſt have the diſpoſal of all *I* ſend. Who am

Heart,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 31.

Love and Dear,

I Do not thank thee for the hundred fine things thou ſentſt me laſt night by the woman, nor care for any thing thou haſt done, or canſt do, but coming to me; and that thou muſt do this day: it is already laid, thus; firſt thou art to make a rogue of thy ſelf, then to take what guard thou wilt to the water ſide, then a boat at what ſtairs thou wilt, that may bring thorow-bridge (the tide is ordered for the nonce) to be at the by-ward about one of the clock, and then come in with the crowd, but without thy brother or thy friend, or any body that has been ſeen with thee: nobody will take notice of thee there, but one, that ſtands there on purpoſe to bring thee off, if need be. In caſe thou haſt a couple of Squires to conduct thee ſo far, thou may'ſt di-

direct them to retire to the Angel or the Roſe, or ſome ſuch good neighbouring-place, or perhaps to *Gardiners* or mother *Thorntons* within the Tower, and yet keep diſtance enough from thee; and we ſhall be able to ſend them their dinner in victuals, their drink, thou knoweſt, is to be called for at their quarters, and that (being moderate) will be cleared too. Whether thou wilt take this opportunity of bringing the poor girl along with thee, I leave to thy diſcretion. The care *I* take is for my own poor girle, that I am ſure needs not be diſguiſed for me; it is ſo long ſince *I* ſaw her, that *I* ſhall make her tell me ſome tokens before I believe it is ſhee, when *I* do ſee her. But why do I ſtand tittle tatling now, when it is more then time my letter were gone? there will be Peggy, and there will be Poppet, and there will be Bacon-hog to make Ladies of, and then their maid to be made an aſſe of. Therefore (houſewife) go about your buſineſſe, and let me heare no more on you till I ſee you. For how canſt thou tell or no whether thou haſt got ever a

Heart and Dear
of

H. Marten.

LETTER 32.

My dear Love,

THough I might thank thee for my good chear (which I am ſure I ſhould not have had without thee) yet I will thank thee for nothing but my good company, neither do reckon thy ſelf all that, nor thy pair of poppets: therefore prethee doe thou it for me to the fourth party.

The company *I* got in my Landladies chamber could not have been leſs welcom to me at any other time, though they had

had brought fair water with them: but thou and *I* muſt pick a quarrel from thence to meet ſo much the ſooner again. *I* will take upon me, without thy order, to keep alive that Staffordſhire buſineſs, becauſe in this dogg-age a body muſt be content with a Cat that will but catch a Mouſe, though ſhe run away from a Rat.

So ſoon as *Loder* has been with me, I will give thee an account how 'tis. Next week I hope to tipple thy noſe again in Rheniſh; take the Sugar in the meane time, for I dare not truſt my ſelf with it, neither can I ſend thee any thing that *I* muſt go to fob for, but thy ordinary allowance of bread, and yet I don't think but *I* am

My own Hearts

Henry Marten.

Here's *Clems* buſk. Remember my bottles and lettice, but not much. Mr. *T*----- (when I can ſpare him) ſhall goe into *Holland* to fetch thee ſome ſweet Strawberries.

LETTER 33.

My deare Heart,

I Thouhgt now within a day or 2 *I* ſhould have obtained leave for thee to come and ſee me; but it ſeems thou haſt a worſe Keeper then *I*: which addition to thy other troubles thou needeſt not; neither would I put thee in minde of what is heavy enough upon thee, if it were not to ſhew thee that thou haſt a partner in the weight, and therefore muſt reckon it lighter by one half then it is. This may be good Philoſophy, but reall aſſiſtance *I* can give thee none. Be of good cheer though (my Love) becauſe things muſt be at the worſt, before they will mend. God ſend thee thy health again

again, and ſo ſoon as ever *I* know it, *I* will make ſome ſhift or other that thou ſhalt come to me.

Mean while, and ever, *I* am
Sweet Soul,
Thy true *H. Marten.*

LETTER 34.

My Heart,

ALl the comfort *I* have now for thee or my ſelf, is, that to morrow is Saturday. Mean while, and then too, and a pretty while after, that *I* am, and am like to be,

My own Soul,
Thy
H. Marten.

Our Speaker takes Phyſick for ten dayes, and we have choſen Mr. *S*---for Speaker in his room during his abſence.

LETTER 35.

My Heart,

I Care not a pudding where thou art, ſo thou beeſt ſafe. Yeſterday *I* heard ſomething true and ſomething falſe concerning thy buſineſs from *Stephen*, and wrote thee a Letter by him, which *I* know not when thou wilt have. I was glad not onely to ſee this bearer for his owne ſake and thine, but to ſee he could paſs the pikes without our friend T.——— *I* hope he may doe ſo another time: and if you were all ſcattered into forty families, my minde gives me, that *I* ſhould have a morſel for every one of you. If *I* could ſend thee above an Angel, *I* would not at once, becauſe *I* would make thee (as if *I* needed) ſend to me the ſooner again, as if *I* were, My ſweet Love,

Thy own, *H. M.*

LETTER 36.

Soul,

I Thank thee for thy Chriſten token: if this bee the worſt, *I* never received ſo much kindneſs from ſo ugly a diſeaſe, as to ſpare my own Deare quite and clean, and to puniſh my bantlings ſo favourably. Becauſe *I* do not love to ſee thee, *I* muſt now put thee off two dayes longer, and that is till friday, I hope for the better, in reſpect of thy ſtrength too: in regard of the company I had here to day it was good luck thou didſt not come. Mr. T--- and I have ſo contrived it, that thou and *I* may then be the whole day together, and Rheniſh wine ſhall not be wanting to tipple thy noſe in, nor a ſavoury bit for thy chaps; and ſomwhat I ſhall have to ſend thee too on Thurſday morning, and ſomething to ſay: therefore I will not ſpend all my talk in this piece of paper, notwithſtanding the conveniency of your conveyance by ſuch hands as would prove, if there were no other evidence that my Dear is mine, and that I am

My Dears

H. Marten.

LETTER 37.

My ſweet ſoul,

YEa but I will ſee my own Dear to morrow, and all my little bantlings: for the Gentleman Porter has picked out that time to grant me thy company when Sir *J*--- is ſure to dine abroad, for he muſt not know it. I do not know whether thoudareſt venture thy baby upon the water or no; but the tide ſerves finely betwixt 11 and 12. If thou comeſt by

by Coich (which I think is the ſafeſt way) thou muſt ſet out an hour ſooner, or elſe I ſhall eat up all the vitch before thou comeſt; for all that, *I* would have thy hee-camerades try their fortunes too. I will ſpend no more ink upon thee now, but bottle up all thy buſineſs for thy ugly ears. Therefore good morrow Monkey-face.

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 38.

My dearest Dear,

THou doſt not know how I have longed all night for this morning, that I might ſend theſe to thee, inviting thee to dine with me to day; the way is made, and the time to be about one of the clock, the manner as private as it was laſt time, onely the little brat were beſt to be left behind, unleſſe thou dareſt not truſt it with its teeth out of thy company, then I hope it may do well enough to bring her, ſo thou haſt ſome body to help thee carry her. I have here ſent thee juſt enough to pay thy waterman: whether thou wilt leave this girle behinde thee or no, I leave to thy ſelf, but I ſhould think it good. Here was my Couſin J. Y— yeſterday moſt part of the day, with leave, and he believes onely baniſhment is intended at laſt: but thou and I will not talk of thoſe matters, nor think neither (Shall we Love? ah that thou couldſt help it!) till my Heart come to

Hers,

H. Marten.

LETTER 39.

My own Heart,

TEll me how thou and thy luggage are like to fadge at thy new quarters. This bearer has told me where it is, especially how my poor shin-and-bone brat does, then what is done about thy goods, and withall in the suit against *Bat*, which (as I remember) was to have been tried last Friday.

If our *Dick* be not gone with my Letter to *T*———— *I* think thou wert best send *Tom* to me, and *I* will send him with one: one baffle is enough for the other at one place.

I long to have thee with me for good and all, and sometimes I fancy it not altogether impossible. *I* am sure it goes a little against my stomack to dispose of thee so far off at this time of the year: but if *I* must check that longing, there is another that *I* will not check, but bring about by hook or crook, that is, to have two or three hours talk with thee. My old friend W. is now come to town, and his Lady (though not well) and the Gentleman in S. *Martins* lane gave me a kinde of a visite yesterday; but staid so little, as we could have no discourse almost. My Lord *L*.— is not come up, nor Mr. *L*.

Here are a few pennies for thee: more will come one day. *I* finde (besides the dearness of these lodgings, in respect of the last, which *I* cannot finde in my heart to think much of) that winter is a more chargeable season then summer, especially when two chimneys are to be warmed instead of one, and parlours call for candles as well as chambers. Now I talke like a miserable cribbe, because *I* would put thee in hopes that *I* may be a rich man yet before I die; and then I warrant thou wilt love,

My Heart,

Thy owne,

H. Martyn.

LETTER 40.

Huſſie,

THy laſt letter got two ſix pences in it, and ſo thou thought'ſt to finde in this too, did'ſt not? but thou art mump'd; for I am reſolved I will not ſend thee one farthing to day. Both my ſiſters brought their dinner with them, and dined with me yeſterday, and the elder of 'um this morning ſent half a dozen bottles of ſmall beer, and ſome ſcraps of good cheer, whereof thou ſhalt taſte, becauſe it is in mammocks; ſo I gave the meſſenger juſt as much as I ſend thee. But monday will come, you Chits-face you, therefore I won't be jeer'd for a beggarly rogue, eſpecially ſo long as *I* have leave to walk once a day into the Gentleman Porters lodgings, and on the top of his leads. I am able to give thee a bottle of rare Sack too, ſo thou canſt keep it cool, either in gravell, or in water, with ſalt-peter in it; any other water will make it hotter; and to give thee a piece of roaſting Beef, and a ſhoulder of Mutton; Veale *I* would have had, but the butcher dares not kill any for feare of the weather. If thou canſt give the bearer 1 or 2 of thy butter-diſhes, *I* will ſend thee ſome of that commodity on Tueſday, though it be a very tickliſh one. Commend my ſervice to him that is paſt the pox, and to him that's afraid of 'um: for other things I am glad he has more hopes then feares, and ſo I am that thou art ſo quiet from abroad; for *I* doubt not but thou haſt work enough at home; ever ſince thou told'ſt me how well thou lik'ſt my Strawberries, my chaps have watered for more; but I will not tell thee what I meant to do with them, becauſe I am none of

Thy Dear

not I

nor *H. Marten.*

LETTER 41.

AND thou ſhalt have a Letter (*my own ſweet Love*) though *I* robbed a Copie of Verſes of halfa ſheet to write it in: for my Nuncle, *I* thank him, has gutled up all my brown paper and white too. The reaſon why *I* did not write the laſt time *I* ſent, was the haſt my meſſenger was in, being with me by ſtealth, *viz.* the butchers man, for the honeſt porter is not ſuffered to come in: for truly *I* do not grudge thee my pains half ſo much as I do thy owne in ſcribling, and yet I cannot finde in my heart to forbid thee, becauſe I need not tell thee how handſom a piece of paper looks that comes from a body's Dear. But now you talk of handſomneſſe, let *Peggie* have a care, for if ſhe get any pits upon her lips, I ſhall not endure to kiſs her, unleſſe her ſiſter Sarah ſpeak for her. I hope my little brats mouth is well, *I* liked her eating raw meat better then that of her mothers chewing hitherto: my Keepers mind holds for giving thee a viſit to morrow about one of the clock; but thou ſhalt know the certainty in the morning, and receive ſomething to receive him withall: and when you be together, *I* ſhall wiſh you both whipped if you do not contrive thy coming to me the next day after to eat a little fiſh. On Monday laſt my Lord M. and my daughter, and Jinny, brought 3 or 4 diſhes of victuals and dined with me, but he got away all my wine that I had provided for thee, becauſe he liked it: I know where that grew though, and in the mean time thou muſt be content with a bottle of ſuch which my couſin Ned C— (who viſited me the ſame day 190) brought me for a ſpecial drink. So for this time I bid thee good morrow, and reſt, my ſweet Soul, thy own every day that goes over my head, every night too, whether I talk to thee or no, whether *I* dream of thee or no.

H.M.

LETTER 42.

My ſweet Love,

THough I burnt thy Letter ſo ſoon as *I* had read it, according to thy order by the bearer, yet *I* have not forgotten the contents of it. Concerning the offer thou haſt of a new Dear, there was a time *I* confeſſe, when I was ſuch a Hog, as to think my throat cut by any body that would have a ſhare in thee beſides my ſelf: *I* am reformed, but not the ordinary way, by not caring who enjoyes that which I have done taking pleaſure in, but by binding up all my pleaſure in thine: and as it has been pretty common with me to think that good bit taſted beſt which went into thy mouth; ſo ſtill or more do I reliſh thy happineſſe beyond my own; if it were not complomenting, that is for fear of ſeeming to complement, I would tell thee, that I would not live: I am ſure I would not beg to live, but becauſe I finde thou wouldſt have me live: therefore good Soul, if ever thou haſt a deſign of ſatisfying me (which I believe thou art never without) ſtudy how to ſatisfie thy own mind, and there lie *I* as quiet as a Lamb. For all that, *I* cannot let thee goe without an item. My poor Heart, take heed of every body, eſpecially of the faireſt offers; thou haſt been bitten, and bitten, and bitten by ſuch as were no meer ſtrangers to thee; by that time thou art a little older thou wilt take every word thou heareſt for an errand lie, the world is grown ſo falſe. What *B*--- ſaies I have not leiſure to tell thee now. My brats will dine with me, and Harry C--- brings them. *I* would fain have them neer me, and thee too, if poſſible. I reſt.

My Deareſt
Thy everlaſting ſelf,

H. M.

LETTER 43.

My Life,

I Scorn to thank thee for thy good news, but I will give thee as good as thou bringeſt. *I* had laſt night at nine of the clock a friend with me, who came from another friend with this meſſage, or rather with this anſwer to a former. The buſineſſe you wot of ſhould not ſtick for want of money. Now get you gone and be whipt a while, *I* know no body cares a pudding for you, nor for *Job*, nor for *Dick*, nor for Brats, and yet theſe three old ſcraps are found this morning by a Monkey-faces

Owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 44.

My ſweet Love,

MY little baby does not lie upon my lap, but ſhe lies almoſt as heavie as if ſhe did, till *I* hear how ſhe is. Keep up thy heart a little longer though, it has a great many good dayes to ſee yet, the bad ones in reaſon being even all out. For a beginning, Poppet thou knoweſt is quite well, and Peggy has but got a diſeaſe to play withall, juſt like the weather, or the fortune of States and Kingdomes, faire and foul by turnes. For all this thou and *I* muſt ſee one another; onely let me know from thee, when thy nurſery will give thee leave, and *I* will procure it here above boord, or by ſtealth. Do not trouble thy ſelf to write, this bearer will deliver all thy minde to me honeſtly and carefully. And ſo good morrow to my dear Love,

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

Thou maiſt ſee (Heart) by my token that *I* have credit, though it be but ſucking credit.

LETTER 45.

Dear Heart,

I Sent thee the other day by *Tom P--* a piece of cheeſe, with three Oranges, and a couple of ſhillings; but *I* made more haſt in ſending the meſſenger then *I* underſtand he and his two Camerades made in going: yet if it did not vex thee (who haſt no need of being vext) *I* ſhould finde no fault; for I am perſwaded they would not have ſtaid ſo long with any body elſe as they did with my Keeper, and that upon my account, and to the end ſome of them at leaſt might have acceſs to me from thee, & tell me ſtill how thou do'ſt: for all that do not believe I could ſtay now till ſome body comes: this bearer muſt bring me word: withall he carries a few Grapes, ſuch as our wilderneſs yields, and 3 or 4 bottles of my own Ale. Cheer up thy ſelf, my Love, as if thou hadſt received a buſhel of money from one that has not a peck in all the world, and yet for thy ſake thinks very well of living, becauſe he is

His owne Souls

H. Marten.

LETTER 46.

MY Deareſt, that is, not dearer then other Deares, (for ſo thou wert forty years ago) but dearer then thou wert this morning, when *I* thought I could have ſent to thee, and found *I* could not, therefore thou art beholding to my Maſters for all that Dearneſs that thou mightſt have ſpared. Let me know how thy beſt friend does to day: don't think *I* put him above my ſelfe now, as ſome do that know neither thee nor me. For *I* count not my ſelf thy friend, no more

more then thou art mine, yet I could never tell whether I were thou, or thou wert *I*, one of 'um *I* am sure 'tis, if not both, so as I need not give thee an account why thou hadst not what thou writt'st for on Saturday, nor perswade thee not to be troubled at this new restraint. I have out-lived a hundred of 'um already, and am heart-whole still, if thou beest well. This bearer will deliver thee two two-penny loaves new, about half a pound of butter, two small bunches of Sparraguss, and half a dozen round shillings of old *Besses*: if conveyance had been free to day, I should have mended every letter, and done something toward a better business; but 'tis pretty well that my Love has yet

Her own

H. Martens.

LETTER 47.

Dear,

IF I could have gotten a messenger yesterday, *I* would not have slept twice before I had known how my nursery does: if she go on in mending (as I hope) or stand at a stay, prethee mind no wormes nor any disease at all in her but weakness, and therefore give her all that thou art able either to nourish or to please her. Fain would I have her again, if it be possible, to dine with me, and stay till Monday, thee and Peggy and all: betwixt one and two of the clock cast to be at the Tower, and *I* will endeavour to get leave: and if *I* cannot obtain it, *I* will send thee word time enough; not sending to thee again is a sign thou maist come. *I* send thee here enclosed a Letter I received yesterday, from one who it seems has not received my last. Thy work *I* could not put out till this morning, but am promised it sh all be done by Tuesday: in case thou canst come to day,

day, or ſo ſoon as to dine with me, let me know it, and withall as much of all our other concerns as thou canſt put into paper.

Here is 20 s. for thy Coaches earneſt, if that buſineſſe takes, and 5 s. for the Hack that brings thee hither.

My Soul,

Thy Body,

H. Marten.

Thou ſeeſt I would not couzen thee of what is contained in the brown paper.

LETTER 48.

My ſweet Love,

SInce God is contented to let thee keep thy poor brat a while longer, to raiſe her ſome friends ſtill upon my account or thy own, and to give thee ſome ſucceſſe in thy buſineſs, thou maiſt hope he has in ſtore a little bleſſing for thee more then could have beene expected, after all the ſtorms which thou and *I* have ſeen and felt, and ſee and feel. This bearer promiſes me fair that I ſhall have 8 of my bottles again; thereupon *I* will truſt thee with one more; it is but Maligo Sack, reaſonable good though. *I* have ſent Peg and Poppet ſome ſale-ware, yet far from bad, if I have any skill: if it be liked, the next token ſhall be bigger. Thy own ſhould have been leſs; but thou muſt even be glad of pie-cruſt inſtead of bread: and if thou canſt pawn it for bread, J would fain hope thou maiſt one day redeem it. J did not borrow, but beg it; and ſo J will again, and again, rather then my Heart ſhall fail of what may be done by

Her

H. M.

J have not told *Tom* what it is.

LETTER 49.

My ſweet ſoul,

NOw I begin to like thy room better then thy company, becauſe I grudge thee a ſhare in the weather we have got: yet *I* have my health ſtill, and my old friend that waits conſtantly at the back-door. I wiſh thee ſuch another now and then, but too much of it would weaken thee. This night J hope to meet a letter of thine at *Lemſter*, ſent down by laſt Saturdaies Poſt, and directed by *F. H.* if thou didſt omit that time, mend it by the next, and make much of my Dear, or do not pretend to

Thy H.M.

LETTER 50.

Mine own Heart,

I Hope thou beeſt well (notwithſtanding one roguerie ſtill treading on the heeles of another) but thine owne heart cannot be very well till he knowes it; though it be but by meſſage, a letter were better, and coming (if poſſible, and ſafe) beſt of all. But do not venture, before thou letteſt me underſtand firſt by the honeſt Doctor what condition thou art in, that J may adviſe thee accordingly.

Good morrow ſweet Soul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LET-

LETTER 51.

My poor ſweet Dear,

IT was well done of thee to ſend this bearer to me, ſince T. P. could not get in, and to bid her tell me that nothing troubles thee: & becauſe thou wouldſt have me believe it, J will: but prethee tell thy other ſelf ſo ſometimes, and with often telling thou may'ſt perhaps believe it too. The Gent: Porter continues very civil to me (as *Clem* can inform thee in one particular) and is now Lievtenant of the Tower, Sir J R. being gone into the Countrey: therefore J hope to get leave of him for thee and my brats to dine with me on Wedneſday: if it cannot be J will ſend thee word betimes that morning. If thou heareſt nothing to the contrary thou may'ſt venture to come.

Mrs. *D*--- was with me, and tells me that Mrs. *W*--- lies extream weak ſtill; but her husband has a great deale of kindneſſe for me. J am pretty apt to fancy the ſame; but J was born to be killed by rediouſneſſe: yet if thou canſt keep up thy hopes a little longer, J will ſee what is to be done by

My Souls own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 52.

My Heart,

THis bearer muſt needs be welcome, for he ſaves me 18 d. in my purſe that the Potter would have had. My childs ſlow mending is better then if it ſhould gallop, that is, more likely to hold. The leſſe thou tampereſt in any Phyſick then ſtones with either of 'um, the better J like it. And ſure the journey into the countrey will on, being ſo much according to the heart of Father and Mo-

ther, and children: the little Item in thy Letter will get down the powder J hope, otherwiſe *I* know who weares the breeches at our houſe: Yeſterday though was a fine day, and we went into the Gentleman Porters lodgings, and tickled his Gooſeberry-buſhes.

The buſineſſe of waſhing and clearing goodwife G. and coach and horſes are alarmes to the ſame tune; all my buſineſs is to provide relief where J can, and when; J have ſeverall ſtrings to my bow; one of 'um will take if luck ſerve. J have not yet ſeen Mr. S-- nor heard from him. J ſhall adventure though to tell Dick P-- that thou wilt be with him by that time the next moneth is a week old.

Thou maiſt perceive by my token that J heard from Longworth, where all are well but the old one. We ſhall know more next return of the carrier. Mean while, and ever, bleſſing upon my ſweet Dear, and her Lambs.

Thy owne

H. Martin.

LETTER 53.

My deare,

THe man thou left'ſt with me is very ſlow in the matter thou wott'ſt on, neither dare J mention any thing of kindneſs J expect, till J have gotten in all my own money out of his hand, whereof he tells me part had need to remain for fees againſt the Lievtenant calls again, who claims 30 l. due ſtill, and the Gentleman Porter 2 l. and Cr-- never had any thing yet: but his couſin St-- ſhall furniſh me with one of his ten pounds to pay off Mr. C-- and Mr. M-- which comes to above 8 l. at the loweſt rate; ſo J ſent yeſterday to his couſin, and had my weekly allowance with much adoe, whereof J owed 8 s. 6 d. and for

for the 10 pounds he wil bring it me himſelf one day of this week, but the certain time he cannot appoint.

Having told thee the worſt of it, the next newes J ſend thee will be better I hope: mean while here are four handſome puddings for thee, how good they are is not known to me, being a token of laſt night from one of my fellow priſoners: and the fellow will bring thee a neck of Mutton from S--'s, with one pound of watch candles, and two pound of cotton. My ſervice to the Gentleman was here on Sunday, and pray him to remember the Falcon he promiſed to ſend me. Buſs all my Brats for me, and as thou haſt convenience ſend me one or two of them in a basket. God be with my poor own ſweet ſoul, and with

Her

H. Marten.

Huzzy,

LETTER 54.

GIve me my 8 s. back again, for J promiſed you but 12 s. to pay your Quarters: don't you tell me 'tis all laid out upon my own brats, for J muſt have it, and therefore ſend thee 2 s. more, to make up the debt juſt 10 s. J have alſo ſent my three chits each of them a bird that came from Holingbury, and a parcel of fruit that came a great deal further off, as this bearer can tell thee better then J. Here dines with me to day of her own invitation, and upon Malls victuals, my ſiſter E--, who intended very lately to ſend my daughter J. to have been provided for at Mrs. U-'s, but they have ſince bethought themſelves that J need no ſuch helps, or what other conſideration works upon them, J know not, onely yeſterday it was counter-maunded, and her aunt F. is reſolved to take her down to Bray. My ſervice to our Dick, and ſend Tom as often as thou canſt unto Dear ſoul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 55.

My ſweet Love,

I Thank thee for thy yeſterdays company, and ſo *I* ſhould if *I* had it every day of the week, and ſhould be glad too, that *I* could give thee as good cheer every day, to eat, and to drink, and to carry away. What thou didſt at our *Malls*, thou wilt tell me in thine; J forget not what J promiſed thee to go in hand with; but think a little farther of a print which may be uſefull, that is, if poſſible, to get the knowledge of what is intended at Court towards us, or ſome of us, and which; for without queſtion, as White-hall pipes, Weſtminſter will dance: to that end, if thou could'ſt get ſome friend to ſtep over to morrow, and hear the Sermon preached before the King, ſomething may be pick'd out of it, and if another friend at the ſame time viſited the Abby, and took notice of the Doctrine delivered there. God does uſe to acquaint his Ambaſſadors with much of his mind. Becauſe, if our ſeverall intelligences ſhall inform us, that J am in the black book, then Mr. L. can't afford to give the D. of *York* ſuch a conſideration for his intereſt, as otherwiſe he may, nor to make ſuch allowances to my children. Therefore, they muſt be adviſed to take other and meaner courſes for their livelihood, without depending upon that ſtaffe which will fail them. Beſides, it is ſome comfort to know what a man muſt truſt to. My heart, after J had wrote what thou haſt read, Mr. T-- came to me, and told me, that halfe a dozen Parliament men dining yeſterday in Fiſh-ſtreet, and underſtanding that the King had pardoned *Vane* and *Lambert*, vowed they would pardon all the reſt: Since that, J have news from one of my fellow-priſoners, that Sir H. P. coming to the King to excuſe himſelfe for not bringing in the bills yeſterday according to order, was told by his Majeſty himſelf, he ſhould be at no further trouble about that buſi-

buſineſs, for he intended to pardon them all: withall, that another Parliament man proteſted he would never give his vote to the executing any, ſo long as thoſe two Rogues were pardoned. For all this, J will not be negligent in what thou and J agreed upon, only J have no mind to clothes nor ſuch trumpery. J am

My Dear, Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 56.

My Love,

THis bearer is better at bringing me news from thee, then in bringing home bottles or baskets; neither cares he much whether his news be true or no, ſo it be good for the purpoſe; he told me the other day that my little Anatomy was fine and cheary, the ſwelling of her feet down, the dogs and cats turned into milk and Sack, and all this, and more, would be juſtified by Tom P---- who was to come to me the next day. Well, the next day came, but no Tom; ſo J believe the reſt accordingly. J have made a ſhift now (becauſe he ſhould not go empty-handed, however he comes back againe) to ſend thee ſome *Longworth* Pig, and my two Bawnces ſome Plummes inſtead of Sixpences: J have not heard a word from Dick P--- ſince Robin went, yet have written two or three times. Commend my ſervice to the other Dick Pe; the beſt that ever (not onely thou, but) J (that have lived a great while longer) was acquainted with.

Thy own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 57.

My heart,

THy letter was very welcome to me, and that J need not tell thee; and how ill thou canſt ſpare me and thy little brats, thou needſt not tell me. Fain would J have thee away out of all theſe inconveniences a great while ago, if J had known how, and fain would yet, if J could, after the adjournment of this Parliament: till then J know thy mind will hanker after my condition, which is very hopefull according to the beſt intelligence J can get: it muſt needs be chargeable and dangerous, and every way unpleaſant, to abide long where thou art, and to remove without a diſguiſe, and to get a diſguiſe without money is as hard: but whether getting of money be not the hardeſt thing in the world J leave to thee. What luck had J to find that 30 s. out of 40 s. and ſend victuals to Kennington, and live at home, and help *Job* to 7 s. 6 d. and give this knave a Crowne, and make him the carrier of an Angel to thee? and yet J hope God will ſend more next week. J have adviſed to go this night when thy private goods are thought to be ſecured, and fetch them thence in bundles to my daughter M—'s houſe, in regard that unſowardly girle B. S. knowes where they be, onely my daughter muſt let as few of her houſhold know it as is poſſible, for ten to one there be ſlippery companions there too: but adviſe well of it, Mall J am confident of, for her own part. Till thou goeſt into the country, thou muſt not truſt to any one lodging too long, notwithſtanding thy change of habit; and prethee let me hear from thee as often as thou canſt with ſafety. J have no reaſon for it, but that J am, My ſweet Soul,

Thy own Dear,

H. Marten.

LETTER 58.

My poor dear heart,

WHom J am fain not onely to leave, but to ſtarve. J will not excuſe either now, but do better then excuſe my ſelf to morrow morning: and mean while ſend thee ſuch things as thou wanteſt moſt, and reſt,

My Soul, Thy own

H. Marten.

LETTER 59.

Heart and Soul,

I Will believe thee (becauſe thou wouldſt have me) that thou art very well, and according to thy conjuring me, will ſend for thee on Saturday to meet thy new Couſin, and Old Self,

H. Marten.

LETTER 60.

My Heart,

I Got two Letters at once from thee now, and ſhall ſend thee but one little ſcrap of anſwer; but that as full as it can hold of gladneſs that you be all well again. J was half and more afraid for thee. My three *Longworth* daughters took the alarm of the bad newes, and came cluttering to town the beginning of the week, and are now here with their brother. J have nothing to ſend my poore Love, but this quarter of Lamb: to morrow J look for wine. Mean time J reſt in thy boſome, like

Thy fourth brat,

H. Marten.

LETTER 61.

My Dear,

I Muſt be begging of the good news: this bearer tells me of three ſorts: Firſt, that thou art very well; the next, that Bacon-hog begins to mend; and laſtly, that thou art now in a fair way about thy White-hall buſineſſe. *I* ſent to my two great brats to day what *I* could: but weeks ends are not ſo good as their beginnings; and the beginning of the next week I hope to ſee my Love here, that is, either monday or tueſday, which will beſt ſtand with thy conveniency, onely *I* would fain keep my word with D. P. whom I promiſed by tueſdayes Poſt what time he ſhould expect at leaſt ſome of our company.

I reſt, my ſweet Soul,

Thy own for ever,

H.M.

My ſervice to our good Friend.

LETTER 62.

My ſweet Love,

I Cannot think every day too often to ſend to thee, and hear from thee (at leaſt of thee.) All the token *I* have for thee is an Orange or two, a piece of bread (halfe what it was laſt) and a piece of butter (half a pound) and juſt ſuch a weight of Saſſages. To morrow *I* ſhall ſend again, and if I do not ſo on friday too, it will not be becauſe I did it 3 dayes together before: yet don't thou toil thy ſelf to death with tending my brats, and ſcribbling to their father too; and of the two I can beſt abate thee the laſt office. I thank thee for my ſtew-pan, though his cap could not be found.

I reſt, My Heart,

Thy own ſtill, and ſtill, and ſtill,

H.M.

LETTER 63.

Ah my own Dear!

If thou wert not a very hog, thou wouldst give me some of thy drudgery or some of thy Ague, that *I* know thou canst spare. *I* shall have a time to trust thee with my neck upon the leads before *I* am a week older, I hope. Prethee let me know whether I did cousen thee in my last packet, telling thee *I* sent a bottle of Sack. If I did not cousen thee, the old womam has done the same by me, for *I* miss it: however *I* intended to send thee this, and a bottle of Rhenish, and half a dozen Hartichokes, and a pound of butter, and a scrap of Sugar, and four Oranges; and if *I* had not been out of hope of this opportunity, I had not spoiled my Strawberries in a dish a quarter of an hour before the butchers man came, and then thou hadst had them. *I* doe not like *P--'s* Ale so well as *I* did; but the next time *I* send into town *I* will have some for thee; perhaps it mends again. Methinks if thou must needs be ill, I am glad an Ague has excused the small Pox, because *I* am not with thee to tend thee; not for thy beauty's sake, for *Clem* has enough of that for thee and her self too, and for, My Heart,

Thy

H. M

LETTER 64.

Love,

THou maist see *I* have got more paper now, but the same hand still, and that serves thy turn it seems. My Keeper holds his resolution yet, as *I* told thee yesterday, to gee hence about noon, and bestow four or five hours upon you, going, coming, and staying there. *I* am content you should

her a poſſet; when *I* had made it, nothing would downe with her but the curd, and that well ſugar'd, ſhe eat up every bit, and went to bed upon it. Methinks *I* ſhould get money enough for my receipt.

Now, how does my poor Lamb do? and how does the mother of it, who has that to tend, and the 150 divorce from her Dear to digeſt. *I* have ſent thee only thy Rabbets, wch were loath to be kept till to morrow: other matters may be ſent thee then, except thy Harts-horn, and that need not be ſent raw, ſo long as *I* have fine water and thy directions. Good morrow to my Soul this good day, which was deſigned for a better day, if luck had ſerved, either the heart thou carriedſt with thee, or the heart thou left'ſt behind thee.

H. Marten.

LETTER 67.

Manners come up,

MUſt *I* guttle your belly for you with freſh Salmon, Gurnets, and Rheniſh wine, and ſugar, and J can't tell what, for you to run away and never take your leave of a body? the paper ſent after you too like a ſlattern: but J hope I ſhall not be troubled with you again in haſt: therefore pray ſtay till you be ſent for: Nay it is e'n trim-tram too, like Miſtreſs, like man: Stephen promiſed me to come ſo early this morning with his butter-diſhes, and now is come betwixt nine and ten, but put me out of my fooling humour with the news of laſt night. My poor ſweet Dear, what *I* have been afraid of a great while, and thou haſt juſt ſcaped ſo narrowly, is more likely then ever to fall upon thee, becauſe the whole tribe of Bayliffs and Catch-poles will be exaſperated againſt thee, and have thee by hook or by crook; and it is a huge diſadvantage to have the *Law* of the land for an enemy. L— gave me a great many good words, but

not

not a rag of money, which is not to be looked for till matters are ſetled; onely for my comfort, he tells me that they are in a good forwardneſs, and by the end of the next week he will be in town again. *I* reſt,

My ſweet Love,

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 68.

My dear Soul,

I Perceive thou wentſt too late yeſterday morning to Mrs. D--'s, for ſhe was with me in the afternoon, and told me ſhe ſaw thee not, yet ſtaid at home till ten of the clock. I had not my full ſwinge of diſcourſe with her, becauſe firſt a Gentleman, and afterwards my two ſiſters came in upon us: but this ſhe told me, that in regard it was ſo long ere ſhe heard again from you, ſhe diſpoſed of 60 l. which ſhe had laid by on purpoſe, and has not now above 40 l. left, if that; beſides, ſhe believes the goods are rated high enough (according to her skill without ſeeing) eſpecially the Diaper and the Damask. Worſe then all that, J. W. is newly gone into Berks, and will not be returned till the end of next week. Mr. L--- came not yeſterday. When *I* heare from thee what ſpace is allowed by the articles for thy refuſall, *I* will have another bout with the good woman; and as ſhe ſaith, if they be richly worth the money, it is encouragement to borrow; if the pennyworths be hard, thy ſhare will be the better in money. Good morrow to my ſweet Love, and my poor brats.

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

make much of him, but not too much; prethee tell our good friend ſo, and that for 40 reaſons. *I* have ſent thee the bottle of *Sack* now, which *I* made thee believe *I* ſent thee yeſterday, but forgot, and ſo help'd poor *John* to a chiding *I* doubt, as if he had diſpoſed of it by the way. Here be 8 pennies for thee too, I think the roguy *Beſſes* come on purpoſe to go to thee, ever ſince *I* condemned them the ſame way that *Neds*, and *Philip*, and *Maries* were wont to go. Thou toldſt me that thy two bigger brats received my tokens, but that was, *I* ſuppoſe, my leſſer tokens, the 2 d. and the penny, but *I* ſent *Peggy* two ſixpences, and *Sarah* one by little *Betty*. I would have thee find out, if thou canſt handſomely, and without taking them away, whether the children had them or no; for *I* am deceived if that girle does not love money dearly to ſpend, and am afraid, if thou ſtayeſt long out of the Countrey, will require more of thy care to look after her then thou canſt well afford from thy own: and ſince thou haſt taken her under thy wing, *I* would be loath ſhe ſhould miſcarry there.

Dear, *I* am very poor in bottles now, return me as many as thou haſt to ſpare, and if one or two of 'um be full of ſmall drink I ſhall not be much offended. A leg of mutton and a piece of ſugar, and I have ordered a diſh of peaſe, for which here is a parcel of butter, and two loaves of bread. And ſo God be with my ſweet Soul, and her ſweet Soul-kins.

Thy true

H. Marten.

It is not good to talk to him now of the old buſineſſe, till thou and I have laid our heads together once more at leaſt.

LET-

LETTER 65.

NOt ſtarved yet? nor drowned neither? then I ſee I muſt be at the charge of half a chaldron of coles to try if *I* can burn thee to death: this fellow promiſes to have a care about them, and to get a quarter of a hundred of faggots thrown into the cart. He brings thee now half of my own butter, and a ſixpenny loaf from the market. To morrow the heglers come to town, and then *I* will buy thee ſome other countrey-commodities: but ſure we were better continue in employment a knave whom we know, and who knows how to have entercourſe and acceſs, then to be to ſeek of a ſtranger that will be to ſeek of conveniencie how to doe buſineſſe between us; and yet *I* believe all thou telleſt me concerning him, and can tell thee ſomewhat more of my own knowledge. Both thou and *I* muſt have a little more care of our looſe things. And now in good ſober ſadneſſe good morrow to my own ſweet Love and Heart, and Deare, and Soul,

Thy old

H. Marten.

LETTER 66.

My ſweet Love, that haſt thy belly full of ſower Sawce,

I did not think any thing I could ſay to thee would have been worth ſending thee word of, yet reſolved to ſend, that I might receive good news from thee. But our Poppet miſt her ague laſt night, and I will tell thee my Phyſick; the milk which was fetch'd for thee and thy little one muſt make her

her a poſſet; when *I* had made it, nothing would downe with her but the curd, and that well ſugar'd, ſhe eat up every bit, and went to bed upon it. Methinks *I* ſhould get money enough for my receipt.

Now, how does my poor Lamb do? and how does the mother of it, who has that to tend, and the 150 divorce from her Dear to digeſt. *I* have ſent thee only thy Rabbets, wch were loath to be kept till to-morrow: other matters may be ſent thee then, except thy Harts-horn, and that need not be ſent raw, ſo long as *I* have fine water and thy directions. Good morrow to my Soul this good day, which was deſigned for a better day, if luck had ſerved, either the heart thou carriedſt with thee, or the heart thou left'ſt behind thee.

H. Marten.

LETTER 67.

Manners come up,

MUſt *I* guttle your belly for you with freſh Salmon, Gurnets, and Rheniſh wine, and ſugar, and J can't tell what, for you to run away and never take your leave of a body? the paper ſent after you too like a flattern: but J hope I ſhall not be troubled with you again in haſt: therefore pray ſtay till you be ſent for: Nay it is e'n trim-tram too, like Miſtreſs, like man: Stephen promiſed me to come ſo early this morning with his butter-diſhes, and now is come betwixt nine and ten, but put me out of my fooling humour with the news of laſt night. My poor ſweet Dear, what *I* have been afraid of a great while, and thou haſt juſt ſcaped ſo narrowly, is more likely then ever to fall upon thee, becauſe the whole tribe of Bayliffs and Catch-poles will be exaſperated againſt thee, and have thee by hook or by crook; and it is a huge diſadvantage to have the *Law* of the land for an enemy. L—gave me a great many good words, but

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not a rag of money, which is not to be looked for till matters are ſetled; onely for my comfort, he tells me that they are in a good forwardneſs, and by the end of the next week he will be in town again. *I* reſt,

My ſweet Love,

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 68.

My dear Soul,

I Perceive thou wentſt too late yeſterday morning to Mrs. D--'s, for ſhe was with me in the afternoon, and told me ſhe ſaw thee not, yet ſtaid at home till ten of the clock. I had not my full ſwinge of diſcourſe with her, becauſe firſt a Gentleman, and afterwards my two ſiſters came in upon us: but this ſhe told me, that in regard it was ſo long ere ſhe heard again from you, ſhe diſpoſed of 60 l. which ſhe had laid by on purpoſe, and has not now above 40 l. left, if that; beſides, ſhe believes the goods are rated high enough (according to her skill without ſeeing) eſpecially the Diaper and the Damask. Worſe then all that, J. W. is newly gone into Berks, and will not be returned till the end of next week. Mr. L--- came not yeſterday. When *I* heare from thee what ſpace is allowed by the articles for thy refuſall, *I* will have another bout with the good woman; and as ſhe ſaith, if they be richly worth the money, it is encouragement to borrow; if the pennyworths be hard, thy ſhare will be the better in money. Good morrow to my ſweet Love, and my poor brats.

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

LETTER 69.

My sweet Soul,

I am very yellow that thou art my naughty Dear, that is, too good a Dear to me, & wilt not tell me how thou doſt: Remember how thou didſt make a rogue of me in my three brats ſickneſſe, that were not to be known to their poor father till they were almoſt quite well. But Love, if thou beeſt in any priſon, or bayliffs houſe, or ſuch ugly place, doe not hide it from me, as thou wouldſt (and as J would have thee) from *Peggie* and *Sarah*. J can bear it, and perhaps adviſe thee to bear it, and perhaps what to do in it before the Judges of the Kings Bench be gone out of town, and before thou haſt gotten that (with being ſtifled up this hot weather) which thou wilt not claw off again in haſt. *Stephen* tells me thy brother *Job* viſits thee, and why J might not have been as well of thy counſel as he (if it were not as J ſuſpect) J doe not underſtand, eſpecially when *Dick* was here, and needed no letter to truſt with it. Beſides, if there be no remedy but thou muſt be kept from thy little ones, J will try all the ſtrength I have to get one or two of them hither to me, and the third nearer to thee, that houſe-keeping may be ſtruck off at Kennington, and the bantlings finde more comfort then now they can at ſuch diſtance from both their parents. Cleare this one ſcruple, good Heart, in

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 70.

My Heart and more,

For all laſt nights meſſenger frighted thee with his haſt, diſappointed thee of thy tokens, and brought thee a paper

per-full of ill-favour'd newes, yet *I* believe thou wouldſt not have been without it, and thou maiſt believe *I* would not have been without thine: I confeſs there was more reaſon for that, becauſe, beſides that it was thine, the good newes in't did quite drown the bad. Let God Almighty doe his part in giving health to my Dame P-- and her little biddies, and *I* care not a figg for all the Kites and Jack-daws in breeches or long coats. *I* think thou ſayeſt Henryetta is full of teeth, which *I* like well, for breeding of thoſe commodities is one of the narroweſt bridges brats-faces have to paſs. My mind gives me (Love) that thou ſhouldſt take thy mind off now from buying of a Coach, in regard of the great ſumm it muſt coſt at firſt, the difficulty of getting horſes to draw it, the feeding and caſualty of thoſe horſes by the way, the ſmall time of uſing it in the country, betwixt this and Winter, and the noiſe it will make there to be ſaid to keep thy Coach. I am of opinion thou were better give 12 or 15 l. for the hire of a Coach with 4 or 6 horſes, wherein thou maiſt put both thy he-camerades, and have the converſation of 'um all the day long, without hiring a ſaddle-horſe, or keeping this bearer in town againſt his Maſters will and his own: it is juſt the cheapeſt time in all the yeare, and thou art like to have as good wayes and weather as can be wiſhed, if thou canſt ſhew the City thy back-ſide by this day ſeven-night. *I* ſhall have an account from W--- by to morrow night; I preſume *I* ſhall obtain leave for a ſight of thee once at leaſt before thou goeſt; for I got it for Robin yeſterday, but that he was gone abroad early, and my couſin James Y--- and Mr. S--- dined with me on Saturday: 'tis honeſtly done of Mr. S---- to forbeare ſo long; but he conſiders how thou and I are played withall, as every body ſhall be that is down. Thus farre on Sunday, and though I be freſh againe this Monday morning, yet thou ſufficiently tired with reading, and therefore take thy eyes off from the ſcribble, and look upon my matters, that have been ſo long a coming:

there is a piece of Cake, and ſome Bergamot peats from Hollingbury, a piece of Sturgeon, and a bottle of liquor from James Y--, a piece of Veniſon, and a Cheeſe from my ſiſter E--'s, and after cheeſe nothing (thou know'ſt) or that which is next to nothing, two poor pieces of ſilver, that have left there-abouts behind them. God be with my own Soul, and all hers, and amongſt them

Her

H. Marten.

LETTER 71.

My Dear,

THe bearer is in great haſte, *I* muſt be ſhort. Here is a pint bottle of new Canary a Hollingbury Hen, half a ſcore Puddings, and four halfe-crownes in a paper, the fourth part of my weekly allowance. If thou couldſt ſend Peg to me ſhe ſhould carry thee all *I* can ſpare more, if not more. *I* am glad thou haſt ſome comfort in thy long buſineſs: *I* would not diſcourage thee, but take heed of ſhooting away too many arrowes after what I doubt is gone already: thy matter is not for Councel to be adviſed in: if thou goeſt to law once, good night, eſpecially when thou do'ſt not know where to get the firſt fee: going abroad into the aire does thee good, therefore *I* like that: the reſt may do well too for all the opinion of an old fool, and yet he is,

My ſweet Love,

Thy own,

Henry Marten.

LETTER 72.

My ſweet Love,

THy letter of the ſeventh (that is the onely Letter of thine *I* have ſeen ſince I ſaw thee) could not hinder it ſelf from being welcome, notwithſtanding the nevves (I was about to call it, but it is too common for that name) of thy extream wants: they ſhall not be a whit the ſooner ſupplyed for thy mentioning them, becauſe I had ſet all the wits *I* had to work before about the ſame buſineſſe. That poor Job is likely to ſtand upon two leggs again *I* am very glad, and when thou makeſt a meal of the brats, whereof Moppet it ſeems muſt ſerve for the ſecond courſe, prethee with me a bit, that am,

My own Love,

Thy owne,

H. Marten.

LETTER 73.

My Heart,

I Long to know how my poor little brat does after her grapes, that if they did well with her I might preſent her with more: mean while I preſent her bumm with a couple of Napkins, and claim thy promiſe of ſending her Siſter Sarah to me. This bearer is to go from your quarters to Parſons Green with a meſſage to the people there, if they be come home, and from thence to Mrs. D----- with a letter. I do not find the cauſe, nor (which is better) the continuance of that ſtrictneſs that was here when thou wert with me: but if my Keeper could tell how to be more orderly then he is, it would do him and me a great pleaſure. My ſervice to our good friend, and thy brother, my love to Peggy, and ſo good morrow to

My Dear, Thy H.M.

LETTER 74.

My Heart,

THou need'ſt not tell me it is a huge while ſince J ſent to thee, J tell my ſelf ſo; and yet I have ſomething to ſay for it: Firſt, the Porter brought me pretty good news laſt time he came from thee; ſecondly, he was otherwiſe employed; thirdly, my nurſery had her fit upon her all day long; and laſtly, J expected Mrs. D-- here, that J might be enabled to ſend thee a token for thy nurſe, but J doubt ſhe is not well: for when ſhe was with me laſt, ſhe complained of her having been ill: I would thy brat would give thee leave to viſit her. Thy meſſage concerning Mr. S-- his coming hither to day, makes me put on my gay clothes: if he do not come now J ſhall wiſh thee whipped, ſo J have the whipping of thee, and thy little brat whipped too, ſo thou haſt the whipping of her. J have ſent thee the work thou deliveredſt me that came betimes yeſterday morning according to promiſe; how well done, J know not; but if thou haſt not all thy cloath, J ſhall be bold to ſend to her for the reſt. Mrs. C-- is removed it ſeems to narrower lodgings, and our Jane gone to her aunt E--'s houſe; though the Miſtreſs on't be not at home, having a key left with her of one of the chambers. Prethee let me ſet down in my Almanack the certain day when the Coach-maſter is to be paid for his Coach. My girle is fine and well now againe, but that ſhe will eat nothing, and undoes me in play-things. J ſhall long to ſee thee again one of theſe dayes, but firſt to get a letter from thee, not ſo much for the papers ſake, as becauſe that will be a ſigne of ſome leiſure. My letters have got a trick not to go quite empty-handed, and Peggy has a father, as well as my Love has a

Dear

of

Henry Marten.

LETTER 75.

My Dear,

IT is a filthy long while since we either saw or heard from one another, yet don't let's chide, for I think verily it is no wilfull fault in either of us. I begin to write this to night, because I won't be to seek to morrow morning, when the butchers man comes; besides, I have had a fine deal of leisure to day, my Keeper locking me up (as he was bid) about 8 in the morning, and now it is almost 8 afternoon; but I had my victuals about me, and my books, and my pen, and my pusses withall; I got a letter from George of S-- (whereof here is a copy) a little basket of Strawberries (whereof I have not cousen'd thee of one) that cost me nothing; and it is well I was asked no money for them, my Gentleman being gone about that (with other business) and till his return I would not wish thee to give me a farthing for my estate; yet I bought butter at market for thee while it was to be had, and butchers meat I dare promise thee, the rest depends upon the Monsieurs safe arrival. Love, *Hall* was with me on Saturday, and told me he met P-- the Upholster, and understands from him now again that all is like to be dispatched betwixt thee, and him, and S-- which I will believe so soon as ever I see it; that he told my son so I believe already. Prethee let me know what use Job makes of his time; if he cannot get an imployment, methinks it were easie to agree with his adversaries; and get that ugly Judgement off, since they see he is protected against them. But dost thou think I will not know how all my 3 pocky rogues do? and tell me true too. If thy Roses be not all gone, and if thou hast any stills, or limbecks, or such things, I would fain have thee still a little Rose-water, the cakes will serve to put among thy linnen, when God sends it. And now in all hast good morrow to my sweet Soul. I am, sure I am,

Thy own, *H. M.*

LETTER 76.

My poor Soul,

IF *I* did but see how thou look'st thy self when thou giveſt me a potion, and forbiddeſt making of faces, *I* doubt thou wouldſt prove a man noe where but in thy tongue, and yet *I* knew my Heart will be a man now ſhe findes ſhe muſt be ſo. Captain B-- and Lord P-- are all one; and if Mr. S-- and Mrs. D-- be ſo too, who can help it? *I* got an empty Letter yeſterday from my daughter M. and with very much ado my next weeks allowance from S--, almoſt half ſpent before it came. when W-- is tried, and fails, we will even ſit down and reſt. *I* am not jealous of thy extraordinary kindneſs to our Lievtenant, but am content to be as kind as thou art, if I had wherewithall. Honeſt Robin has reaſon to grumble at his ſtaying in towne, with ſo little hopes of having what he came for, and being kept from me too; for I cannot yet come at him. Thy Letter came to me laſt night by Jinny, upon whom he ſtumbled in the ſtreet. Theſe commodities (except the pennies) are my ſiſter E--'s tokens to me. And ſo good morrow to

My ſweet Love,

Thy own

in ſpight of all weathers,

H.M

My ſervice to our friend as rich as our ſelves, and my love to the three that know how to help us, as much as we do them, for a while *I* mean

LETTER 77.

YEs indeed (Love) it is long enough in conſcience ſince I ſent to thee laſt; for all I was told the ſame day both by Tom & by my own meſſenger how fine and well my little brat came on: but ſuch worms are ſet up with a ruſh, and thrown down again with a ſtraw: beſides, I liked not one part of the vapour, that ſhe had gotten a freſh colour in her cheeks. Well, as thou ſay'ſt, when we have done our utmoſt then let God do his pleaſure. They tell me, thou art about to take a maid, and I muſt needs ſay, thou haſt need enough. Withall, though thou haſt nothing left now to be robbed of, prethee take a care what cattel thou harboureſt under thy roof, to ſleep with thee and thy three arm-loads of treaſure, onely it cannot be long (thou knoweſt) ſhe can ſtay with thee: for if any luck ever ſerve, thou muſt go down without her, and take freſh in the countrey. Yeſterday morning my L.L. was here, thinking (it ſeems) to finde L. with me, or that he had been with me. Some bargaine or other they have jumbled up betwixt them, which I am ſure I ſhall like better then they believe I will, becauſe I ſhall then know what to truſt to, and not be drilled on much longer. Thy Court-news I do not value of a half penny, nor would have thee mind it, there is no ſenſe in it. But I am very well contented that thou haſt made an end with S-- and all thoſe Maſters, and ſo haſt thou great reaſon to be, and to thank Providence that thou haſt made a ſhift to live upon them all this while. Since I wrote thus far, the bearer hereof tels me he ſaw thee yeſterday, and would not let me know it before he ſlept, like a blockhead as he was. I have given him his mornings draught though, in hopes of amendment, and I have ſent thee a piece of Longworth Cheeſe, and a parcel of nuts from the ſame place: reſting, My ovvn ſvveet Dear,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 78.

My Deare,

IF I did not write to thee yesterday, it was not because I did not think of thee, and if I write now, it is not because I would not see thee here to day: for the truth is, in case thou canst conveniently come, I would faine have thee dine with me, and bring my sick baby at least with thee; for so short a time we may obtaine leave: yet left thou should not be able to wag, I have sent thee the inclosed which I received yesterday, and whereby thou maist perceive the man is in earnest, so as I can doe my part. I have withall sent thee thy Ear-rings, for fear I should make them march a wrong way, as I have heretofore made many a good thing, and even since I came hither, Mr. C--'s spoon shall bear me witnesse: he is fetch'd home again though. Here is, besides a small token of my owne (that is) poverty for thee, and another proportionable for Peggy, from her Father, and

My Heart,

Thy

H. Martens.

Love, I must not have thee till Monday or Tuesday, the Gentleman Porter tells me, because Sir J. is a little fusty to day; he thinks not fit to be spoken to. Therefore send me word which of the two dayes thou likest best.

LETTER 79.

My Heart,

IT was hard with me for paper, and harder for matters, but both will mend, and so do both my brats, I hope; whereof to be little more sure, is the chiefest errand of this bearer. I am glad thou art fallen into the hands of so good people; we will shew our selves thankful when we can; but Sarah and I could hardly forbeare laughing at thee, for understanding me in earnest, when I told thee how pitifully she cryed to be left with her Father: some things she wants though in earnest, especially a clean frock, and head-clothes, and her comb. If Mr. L-- has play'd me one of his old tricks, who can help it yet? shortly I believe I shall by my thee-friend in a corner, who I doubt is not in towne till to morrow; and the next day, (viz. Wednesday) I shall be glad to see thee here, if thou beest then to be spared. Mr. S-- shall be very welcome to me upon any account; and as for the horses, if he will take my word for the present, he shall have better security ere long; and for the worth of 'um, I have reason to take thy word, for whose use I buy them: onely be sure (if possible) they be sound, and (which is easie to know) young. So with my service to your two young men, and my busses to the two maids, I rest,

My own Dear,

Thy still, still

H. Marten.

LETTER 80.

My ſweet Deare, brave gallant Soul,

NOw ſtand thy ground; I was told on Tueſday night, that the Houſe of Commons had given us all up on monday, and had appointed a Committee to bring in a bill for that purpoſe, which cannot require much time, and if I wiſh any thing in the world, it is, that thou hadſt been with me, when the tidings came, and ever ſince, to ſee if thou couldſt finde any alteration in me, ſleeping or waking. My paper is not quite ready for thee yet, but I am upon it every foot; and in the mean time, will give thee ſuch cordials as ordinary people give to one another. Perhaps the bill will not paſs when it comes in, perhaps the Lords will not paſſe it, when it comes there; perhaps the King has given way to his friends to ſet this on foot, on purpoſe to have the whole honour of pardoning to himſelf; perhaps ſome names may be excepted in one Houſe, or in the other; and thy Deare may be one of them. He that has time, has life; a thouſand things happen betwixt the cup and the lip: and it is ſome comfort that we can ſtill ſend to each other. Viſiting indeed growes pretty difficult; but after the opening of my door in the morning, I have the freedom of the whole houſe till we have dined. I was not ſo haſty to ſend thee this news yeſterday; I believe I had not now neither, but that I was afraid thou wouldſt hear it from another hand, that would make it worſe. Pluck up thy ſtrength, my good Heart, conquer this brunt, and thou art a man for ever. Look upon my little brats, and ſee if thy Deare be not among them; has not one of 'um his face, another his braines, another his mirth? and look thou moſt upon that, for it is juſt the beſt thing in this world, and a thing that could not be taken from me, when Lemſter was, when all the remainder of my Eſtate

ſtate and thine was; nor when my liberty and the aſſurance of my life was, nor when thy company was, which though *I* reckon laſt, goes for ſomething with

My deareſt Dear,

Thy own own,

H. Marten.

LETTER 81.

My Sweet Soul,

I Have made a ſhift to ſend thee the other odde ſpanker, but I could have wiſhed 4000 for thy ſake. It was well done to ſend me the bottles and baskets, thou art like to fare the better for it, when I have gotten ſome body that is able to carry things, but the poor wench muſt goe againſt the tide, or elſe *I* muſt keep her too long from thee and my brats, and that is againſt my conſcience.

I was told yeſterday that all we (except two of us, who are in more favour) muſt be baniſhed; which if it be true, it is probable we ſhall have ſome time given us to provide our ſelves, and that is all the kindneſſe *I* did ever expect, and more.

Major W. takes it unkindly that T. P. makes ſo many viſits to him in my name, and in Sir J. R--'s name, and without my order, which indeed *I* could not owne; therefore *I* would have him from henceforth forbear it: if he be civil to me, he will be ſure to be wary for himſelf, and not to come within compaſſe of danger. God be with

My deareſt Heart,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 82.

INdeed(my Dear)*I* am ſcarce friends with my ſelf yet for not writing to thee on Saturday,for all the fellow was in ſuch haſte, and for all *I* made a ſhift to ſend my Love half a ſcore pennies,and for all *I* love thy letters as well as thou canſt love mine for the heart of thee; but how can *I* tell but thou maiſt think *I* would not write to thee,becauſe thou didſt not write to me? and then, does he forbid me to come to him, and won't write to me neither? nay here was a pudding too on Sunday for dinner, worth twenty of that thou hidſt the Sunday before, and *I* had ſaved a corner for thee; and hither came our Mall, and Jinny, and aunt E-- yeſterday, and guttled it almoſt all up: laſt night, though *I* was pretty well pleaſed again with receiving the enclofed: thou ſeeſt therein what will be moſt wanting in that countrey: but it ſhall go hard if *I* doe not contrive a way for thee to dine with me next Sunday, and thy brats-faces too, at leaſt thy ſelf, that thou and *I* may chat about our buſineſſes; we are not like to be troubled with any women-kind again, for my preſent Keeper is a ſingle man, and the other hath ſmall hopes of returning: inſtead of that poor C-- is in danger to march next, and all the old gang to be weeded out one after another. John *L.* is not yet in towne, neither does *B.* come at me. *I* had a letter from poor Job, who is with the girles at *Long*worth, and in fear that his ſiſters and brother-in-law will arreſt him: *I* bade him ſecure himſelf as well as he could againſt Doctors of Phyſick, and their Patients, and *I* would warrant him thou ſhould'ſt do him no harm. Now *I* care for nothing but knowing how my three biddies doe, and the barren hen that clocks 'um all about her. Thou were beſt give them none of their daddies good things, and then ſee if *I* be

My Heart, Thy own,

H. M.

LETTER 83.

My dearest Love,

HOw our Ambassador has sped in Essex *I* know not, but am sure *I* cannot speed elsewhere, and that thy time of redemption is out this day. All the advice I have to give thee, is, that thou cast thy selfe upon Mr. S--'s kindnesse; let him joyn with thee in pretending to P-- as if thou hadst laid down money for all the goods, and then at his own leisure give thee what profit he thinks fit: in case he doe for the present want a summe, he will make more of every thing then thou shalt: and if he can forbear, thou may'st be able hereafter to give him as much as any body else, and yet have a good bargain in thy goods, besides thy own contentment. If it may be some ease to thee (as I suppose) prethee let me have Sarah againe, and let me see thee too as soon as *I* can, though *I* deserve no other name then

My Heart,

Thy well-wisher,

H. M.

LETTER 84.

My Heart,

I Thank thee for my tutties, and my window-stuff, and my book of double use, but most of all for the good newes of thy Agues marching from thee, which way soever he is gone; and yet, for that he has left behinde him, *I* am not throughly resolved, whether *I* should invite thee, or forbid thee till to morrow; but upon my blessing (hazzy) doe not offer

offer to come to day, unleſs thou find'ſt all as it ſhould be with thee, and then let me know as ſoon as thou canſt, that thou maiſt fare the better. When thou doſt come, bring any brat that is fit to be brought, and Camerade too; for I have leave for thee; and yet I would have thee habited very plaine, as I obſerve they do all, (or as many as I can ſee or heare of) that relate to my fellow-priſoners. This morning I ſaw two daughters of Sir Henry Vanes (whom I take to be none of the pooreſt among us) whom I ſhould have hardly ſuſpected for Gentlewomen, if Mr. T—had not told me who they were; and yet (I will ſay that for um) they have as much need of being ſet off by their cloathes, as ſome of his neighbours daughters have. But (I love) now I think better of it, it is too late in all conſcience for thee to come to day: beſides that, I can have almoſt nothing that is good for thee; but ſend me word whether thou wilt come to morrow, or give thy body one day more of ſettling, and make it Tueſday. I hope the kindneſſe they ſhew me now, will not be ſpent before it be uſed: beſides, I have got ſome fine ſmall beer, that is hardly yet ripe to be broached. Juſt now I received the encloſed, which I ſend thee to chew the cud upon, that thou may'ſt prepare thy ſelf for a diſcourſe againſt thou and I meet. For this time I bid thee good morrow, and company, and return to my old companion,

My Soul,

Thy

H. Marten.

LETTER 85.

My dearest Love,

FOr all J have not sent to thee since Saturday, nor needed have sent now, if it would have served my turne to hear of thy health by Mr. S----, who was yesterday here to look for his brother and enemy D. P--.

Mrs. D--- at last came to me, and tells me she will go to Mr. S----'s on Thursday, if they will suffer her to see the goods,; and she has now a chapman for the hangings, if she like 'um, and will endeavour to procure as much money as is necessary: but her stay with me was so very short, that J could not have time to talk with her about the Coach-money: yet J remember this to be thy last day; so J tried S--, and he or his wife intend to visit me anon, and J hope to prevaile there.

Prethee let me know by this bearer what is done with my Lord P--, that J may proceed accordingly: for if he be not in town, J mean to dispatch a messenger into Essex, unlesse J understand at his lodgings that he is not there neither. It is onely time that pinches us, and the hast which Winter makes in coming upon us, and the intolerable charge of living here: for J perceive both by my Lord *L*-- and Mr *L*-- (whom J spake with severally since J saw thee, and whom J am promised to see again before the week be out) that we shall have something settled upon every one of us, or else a piece of money in grosse (which is as good, or better) if we can but rub out a little while to put clothes upon our backs and vitch in our bellies; and God send health to the little ones and continue it to the old ones.

This is your sealing day (as J remember) with P--- and them; good Heart take care what thou sett'st thy hand and seal to, besides what is already considered, for one little

half

half word makes a huge alteration in a Deed; and let thy good friend have a care of his hand and seal, thou hast reason to make his concernes thy owne, who makes thine his own.

My old landlady has gotten me to weare out this week with her, so I go not to my new quarters till to morrow night.

Here are some remainders of Sarahs implements; if neither she nor her sisters get any other tokens now, there is some reason for it. Yet I rest,

My sweet Soul,

Thy ever own

H. Martyn.

LETTER 86.

My Love,

IF thou hadst been as good as thy word, thou wouldst either have come thy self, or sent a speaking token by this time, unlesse thou didst understand me wrong, as if I were first to let thee know the time. Now I think, thou wert best stay (at least thy selfe) till Sunday: Mean while commend my very hearty respects to our Dick, whose pudding miscarried yesterday: I made it on purpose; but my daughter M-- and sister R-- coming in, made me and the old woman jumble things so together, that we quite spoiled it betwixt us; therefore if thou canst get him in with thee when thou comest next, I will have a good one for him, and then I shall see him in the bargain. Mr. *L*-- hath been with me, and talkt handsomly, both from my Lord *L*-- concerning the hopes of my being banished, and from his own resolutions concerning my allowance, wherein thou may'st be

sure

sure to have a pretty share, for *I* did not talk of thee singly: but *I* see never a penny of his money yet: he complaines heartily of the backwardnesse of Rents in the countrey, and the falshood of tenants. Somewhat may be true, yet *I* think it fit to be very earnest with him next time he comes, that he may enable me to pack thee away. *I* hope thou dost not forget to put thy friend upon a diligent pursuit of those White-hall commodities, so far as his health will give him leave: every body tells me nothing is to be done there but with money, and that almost as much as hthe thing is worth you would have done; therefore *I* was jealous for S--, because *I* knew he had wherewithall, and to hook in his old debt would be likely to stretch; but it seemes he findes it too dear too.

My son S-- is sworn a Privy-chamber-man extraordinary, which is worth little to him more then the protecting him from arrests; therein he was shrewdly afraid of his deare friend B--. *I* have sent thee a Hen our Mall brought me yesterday for her dinner, but she brought other things too, and some *I* had of my own; that *I* made shift to save this for thee, and four Oranges to eat with it, and a bottle of Claret to drink, but thou must burn it thy self, for *I* will not keep the fellow so long from thee, onely here is sugar to doe it with, and one or two Oysters. Now good morrow to

My Heart,

Thy own,

H. Martin.

LETTER 87.

My sweet Love.

First, I am glad with all my heart (and that for 10000 reasons) that our good friend is in a fine way of health again: Next, *I* think *I* have made a rogue of thy pitifull pannier-plot, for *I* sent Robin out of town yesterday: *I* will have you go all together if possible, both for comforts sake and for cheapnesse: besides, *I* will not let any of you go till I am sure to send the rest after, and that no flesh is without matters in fobb: so soon as ever they come (and *I* look hard now every day for so much at least as will set the wheeles a going) *I* will write to Dick P--. by the Post, and he shall either come himselfe or send up the same man with one horse or more; and the mean time will serve thee to pack up and send away such things as thou must have there, and to provide what is to go along with thee, *I* mean, as well as we can. And my Keeper has promised me afresh, that so soon as ever *I* am ripe for thee, I shall have one bout with thee here.

Mr. *L*--. was with me on Saturday, and according to his old wont complaines (and I believe much of it to be too true) that things are still at a great uncertainty, and that he is in danger of being turned out of all he has laid out his money upon, if he cannot make exact proof of every thing that passed, as well betwixt my old creditors (whose titles he has bought in) and me, as betwixt us two: By the way, he sayes thou hast a writing of some accounts under his hand that he gave me at Lambeth-house, & may do him mischief if it be known: *I* would have thee therefore give it him, that he may have no just exception to deny thee reasonable courtesies; but first have it copied and attested by persons thou canst trust, and keep that copy carefully by thee against

against a wet day. I thank thee for my sweets and my herbs, and especially for the trick of sending to me; I suppose the fellow makes a little money too at market of strewings, &c. If so, or however, send him to morrow morning with a letter, and intelligence how every body does: it is the cheapest messenger that passes between us, and is pretty well acquainted with the souldiers. If thou likest my beer, tell me so, and thou shalt not want it, for I have enough: but thou must send me the pottle-bottle that had Claret in it. My service to the green Man, and my duty to the Ladies, and not a bit of love to thee, for thou hast got it all already, greedy-gut: 'tis no matter though, I have got somewhat instead on't, that serves the turn of

My Souls own.

H. Marten.

LETTER 88.

My heart,

I Did think by this time not onely to have had better news to thee, but to have told it thee my self; instead of that thou must make use of such good counsel as thou hast lying by thee, and is cheaper it seems then good news. My son was not suffered to see me yesterday, nor Mr. *L.* this day he is promised he shall; and this day I am promised my weeks maintenance (which was never put off before.) I believe there are people at Court that mean to set up a trade of granting leave to visit prisoners: my Lady Vane, Lamberts wife, and Heveninghams wife, having used them to it. If Betty S-- be still in danger of being found out by her mother, thou maist let this bearer have her away to my butchers, and thence the old woman is content to fetch her:

but, as I said it first, so still I leave it to thy own discretion. Not a word yet from my Lord P--, whether this restraint be the reason of it, or what else I know not; but he told Dick P-- his man he would send a Gentleman to me on Thursday last, or before. The enclosed is a performance of my engagement to Popper, her Portion in Poetry being to be paid next after her elder sisters. I have sent thee a piece of butter, such as is brought into the Tower, and as much bread as took up every penny I had, and two bottles of Canarie, new and old; the first is bound about the head, but I believe the other is best, yet neither bad: my beer is almost all gone; let me know how thou likest the Ale that went last to Kennington, it was P--'s, but methoughts not so good as it was wont to be.

This Keeper of mine is a very civil person to me when he is with me, and swears he will visit thee, and bring thee to me whatever it cost; but he is just the worst Keeper in the Tower for keeping his times, when he is from me, that he makes me so uncertain in sending to thee, whereas all other prisoners are unlocked before 7 in the morning; he makes me stay till 8, 9, 10, and past; it is almost 9 now, yet I am fast. My Love, I long to hear how honest Dick does digest his venturousnesse in going forth the other day. I must close up my letter, because I shall be faine to switch and spurre by and by, and the Porter we finde very honest in whatsoever is deliver'd him. So good morrow to

My own sweet Dear,

Thine yet, and yet, and yet,

H. Martin.

LETTER 89.

WEll (Love) it was a happy turn that thou wert not here yeſterday, nor Peggie, nor Poppet, nor Bacon-hog, nor Dick, for I ſhould have killed half a dozen of you at leaſt, if you had come within my reach, I was ſo ſtarke ſtaring mad from morning to night; and thou ſhalt judge whether I had not reaſon to be ten times worſe then I was. Firſt and foremoſt, did not Dick promiſe to ſend me (I marrie would he) from the Falcon that ſhould be with me betimes next morning, that he ſhould? and what ſerveſt thou for, but to have put him in mind of it, if he had forgot it? and what ſerves Peg for, but to put thee in minde of what thou fogetteſt? and what ſerves Poppet for, but to cry, and the tother to ſcold and ſcratch her mother when ſhee has forgotten? I could have ſent thee bread, butter and candles, and ſomething elſe without money; then I ſent my Keeper for that, and he did not bring it home till 4 or 5 of the clock in the afternoon; then I had but half a ſtick of fire to hold my noſe over for an hour together, the roguie faggot-man ſtaid ſo long; then within a quarter of an hour after it had coſt me 5 groats (2 d. more then ever man paid) for a dozen of faggots, in comes goodie M--'s man with a hundred, as if ſhe had ſtudied what to ſend, that thou mightſt be ſure to have never a bit of. 'Tis no matter now again; this morning I feel my ſelf friends with all the world; I account ſhe is well enough ſerved by her mother-in-laws death, who left her husband but 20 l. to buy him mourning, and 100 l. to be paid him 6 moneths hence, and 5 l. to her to buy her a ring, onely the Executors have ſent her 20 l. more to buy her mourning: and my malice is pretty well abated towards thee and thy Camerades, becauſe I hope you are all ſtarved by this time either with cold or hunger, and

there-

therefore to ſhew I bore a little good will once, I have ordered ſome proviſion for thy executors, *viz.* a pound of cotten candles, and another of ruſh, two two-pennie loaves, two new rolls, a piece of butter to ſerve till to morrow, a leg of mutton: the next time they ſhall have ſomething elſe. Mean while I am

My Dears Ghoſts

Owne,

H. M.

LETTER 90.

Love,

I Took up my next weeks allowance (with ſome grumbling too of him that paid it, and being told he was like enough to hear from me on Monday, notwithſtanding this) on purpoſe for thee, whereof though I ſent thee but 3 quarters, yet all that is left to live upon till monday come ſeven-night is 16 d. and that this meſſenger will reduce when he returns to a ſingle groat. But this is not all the news I have to tell thee, if it were, he ſhould not have gone to thee though he would have given me a ſhilling to ſuffer him. George has returned me an anſwer of my Februaries letter, dated the 20 of May laſt, wherein he does earneſtly invite me again, and tells me, that what I will have him do to Mr. *L*-- he will do. The old woman at Longworth is recovered, whereof not onely her five children, but their Father is very glad: for if ſhe ſhould have died ere the K--'s title had been purchaſed, it would have raiſed the market 2000 l. My Neece Fr. M-- is ſick of the ſmall Pox. Mr *L*-- was with me laſt night, being but newly come to town, and tells me, my Lord makes him believe that they are agreed, and that his Lordſhip has a grant from his Majeſty, yet fails

meeting

meeting him according to promiſe, and makes him jealous he plaies a game by himſelfe (I am ſure I hear not a word from him.) But this day *L.* will make it his buſineſs to drive matters to a head, either with my Lord, or without him, and give me an account by to morrow morning. Staffordſhire Dick ſends me word his man cannot be with me till Wedneſday next, whereof I am not ſorry, for thou knoweſt thou canſt not wag before monday ſeven-night, if then.

Now I expect newes from thee: Firſt, how my two little brats do, of them I would not have the bigger again till I am ſettled in my new quarters, which will be (I hope) by to morrow night, though it prove the middle of this womans week: next, tell me what Mrs. D-- ſayes, with whom I preſume thou haſt had ſome diſcourſe concerning thy goods, both of White-hall and Chelſey. I cannot have a ſight of thee, if thou getteſt off thy houſholdſtuffe from Roffry. *L*-- will be thy chapman for the heavie commodities there, as pewter, braſs and iron. Is it not time to bid good morrow to

My Dear,

Thy own,

H. Marten.

The End of Coll. *Henry Martens* Letters.

The End of Colonel Henry Martyn's Letters.

Mr Richard Pettingall his Heroical

EPISTLES

TO

The ſame vertuous Lady.

LETTER 1.

Madam,

I Was, in ſpight of my deſire, by extraordinary buſineſs diſappointed of waiting on you yeſterday, and having this day ſome ſignes of a growing diſtemper, J am bold to begg your Ladiſhips advice for prevention. I know not the cauſe, unleſs natures continuing kindneſs bringing the inconvenience of riſing theſe *cold nights*. I now long to know how your Ladiſhip doth, which if denied me by this bearer, J will not onely fetch Phyſick, but an abſolute Cure for

Your Own,

M *Dick Pettingall.*

LETTER 2.

Dearest Madam,

IT is I must beg your pardon for this free expression of my passions inditing: it being arrived now at that height, that I dare not give you bare thanks, knowing too well I should fall short, being really sensible how highly you have obliged me in not refusing a heart (alas) too mean a sacrifice for so sweet a Saint: yet believe (dear Madam) that your vertue hath the power to create in that heart some buds of a generous spirit, whose blossoms may prove whole actions, then may I laugh at, now onely pity those Doctors that prescribe absence as the onely remedy for a person in love. I being confident that vertue encreaseth under the weights of misfortune. Let me then kisse in your letter the onely name that is dear to me; for though my affection is at such a height, that it can never encrease, yet my passion doth and will, untill I have the happinesse to kisse your hands, and that you receive again

Your Owne

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 3.

My Dearest,

WEre the person as writes this as gallant as that ambitious heart, which dare love you and tell you so, prompts him to be, he would then venture to begg a welcom for this paper, which did, as it were, disdain to receive

an

an impreſſion from a hand ſo mean as hath done nothing yet in your ſervice. But oh Heavens! moſt divine Soule! how happy ſhould I account my ſelf, if J could change my condition with that of this innocent paper, juſt when your lovely hand (perhaps wanting other conveniency) may guide it to your moſt delicate breaſts, where is ſeated a delight farre beyond expreſſion: let me then, inſtead of that happineſſe, obtain the continuance of your moſt endearing eſteem. Then muſt J live; yet if otherwiſe, die

Your Owne,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 4.

I Should be unworthy both of health and life, if the preſervation of either of them could be any obſtacle to that perfect happineſſe J enjoy when J ſee you; pardon then Madam J beſeech you, that abſence which was cauſed by your own commands; yet muſt J needs confeſſe my owne reputation required as much from me, telling me, J ought not to appeare before you without ſome teſtimonies of that juſt revenge which yet J owe to your enemies, and therefore mine. Let me then, J beſeech you, ſee to morrow that deare perſon, who may expect a reall performance of all vowes from

Her Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 5.

Madam,

YOu will not think it ſtrange, that the knowledge of mine owne unworthineſſe made me hitherto burſt out in ſilent raptures, occaſioned by the contemplation of your happineſs far above what the beſt of mens deſerts could ever accumulate. When I tell you it was the onely reaſon which made me conceal an affection no whit inferiour to what moughe be tearmed moſt vertuous, in that time when my heart filled with admiration of ſo much majeſtie, ſent my eyes as its Ambaſſadours to intreat pity, yet were often forced to returne bluſhing at their high preſumption. But let me now take courage, and declare, 'tis your Effigies, my onely Deare, 'tis your Effigies would make me taſte ſo high a bliſſe; 'tis your Effigies would protect me in extremity, may make me immortall; to it in cruel abſence I would breath forth my prayers, and prove, nothing creates ſo true a ſenſe of Divinity, as the adoration of ſo divine an object: yes, you are divine (my Deareſt) which makes me confident your pity will let live one who lives no longer then allowed by you, to be

Your Own

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 6.

Madam,

YOu may very well wonder at my impudence in begging ſtill the preſervation of your eſteem, mine owne conſcience checking me for having done nothing that mought deſerve the leaſt ſhare of it, did not your rare acknowledgement make ordinary civilities appear high vertues by the incomparable returns you make them. May not I then aſſure my ſelf, that all men would admire my fortune, & adore your worth, did they know, you not onely gave me a chaſte humour worthy of commendation, but alſo honour it with the noble retaliation of owning me for yours: you may be confident I had writ ſooner, had the Sabbath made more haſt to excuſe us from travel, having not till then any poſſibility of ſending; oblige me then yet farther, by informing me of your health in your letter, my mother having promiſed to incloſe it in hers: could any one aſſure you of my health but your ſelf, I would not fail to do it. You may then be confident you are the ſole Protectreſs of his, who diſdains to live any longer then he is

Your

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 7.

Moſt adored,

IF you with an impartiall eye would review your owne perfections, you would find, that to them alone belongs ſo large a tribute of praiſe, to them alone is due an acknowledgement beyond utterance. It's you, my dear divir-

Soul

Soul, whom no expreſſion can define: of what one good then may I boaſt, unleſs that having a clear and unſpotted mind, not much unlike the Moon, receive and retain my light from your moſt Sun-like vertue, to which no dark misfortune can cauſe a ſhade: then let not a cloud interpoſe him, and your moſt obliging favour, who loves you with admiration, and ſerves you with ſo reall a fidelity, as may in length of time in part, deſerve the moſt glorious title of

Your Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 8.

My Goddeſs,

I Do not likely, but upon a ſerious contemplation, judge this preſumption is unpardonable, did it not tend to the preſervation of a life, though too meane a ſacrifice for one breath of your commands; yet is it ſuch, as reſolves not to draw breath longer then warranted by your moſt indearing eſteem; but recollecting my memorie, and finding no abſolute command againſt this conveniencie of diſcovering my feares, occaſioned by a ſtinging jealouſie of mine own unworthineſſe. Let me therefore, my moſt ſweet Saint, obtain one cordial line to revive a heart ſo dampt, that is plunging into deſpaire, being confident that from your generous pity of my paſſionate ſoul proceeds ſo rare an acceptance, not from my weak deſerts. Then ſtill have pity, my Deareſt, have pity upon one who dies till he ſees you to be by you bid live, and hope, that whileſt vertuous, he may continue

Your own

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 9.

My Deareſt,

WHat language or expreſſion can you expect from a miſerable wretch, juſt ready to be drench'd in a ſea of deſpaire? Muſt my other misfortune ſerve as an Index to diſcover to you the poorneſs of my ſoul, in that I could not better diſpute my liberty? But O Jeſus, ! had I gueſſed at your enſuing hate, certainly I ſhould have left my body a prey to thoſe Vultures, rather then thus endure your torturing diſpleaſure. To give you then that ſatisfaction which you deſire, being the onely perſon who is moſt dear to me, I do ſweare by your moſt ſweet perfections; which oath I will never infringe, that unleſs you will be pleaſed to pity my extremities, upon a true relation of my miſery, I will, as I have hitherto lived, ſo ſpeedily die

Your Martyr, and
Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 10.

Madam,

I Have hopes that your Ladiſhips knowledge of me bids you be confident it was rather a feare to diſpleaſe you, then any neglect which forbade me by lines to expreſs the moſt innocent and moſt reſpectful affection in the world. I would have begged this favour the laſt time I had the honour to ſee you, had not my own thoughts told me it was many degrees beyond my merit, yet my brothers coming offe-

offering me this conveniency, makes me presume upon your acceptance: let it then be lawfull, dear Madam, for me to write, when cruel absence denies me to speak, and tell you, that I love you far beyond what the readiest wit is able to express. The widow hath very much need of your visite; denie not her, who counts her chaines most glorious, and whose whole studie is to preserve your esteem, with that indearing title of

Your Own,

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 11.

My Dearest,

WEre I assured my face could so trecherously belie my heart, as to perswade you it ever entertained a thought unworthy of me, and injurious to your most serene vertue, you should not so soon desire revenge, as it should be performed by my self, an impartial Judge, and most ready executioner of so vile a miscreant. But if, mine onely Dear, swearing by the Eternal God, you will not believe me, how may I even perswade you, your perfections have so Divine a light, that all others, when compared to them, appear dimme, and as nothing: Since then my looks cannot promise so well for me, as my heart by my tongue can protest, may I not justlie hate the former, whose uglinesse promotes my ruine, unlesse you in pitie save me, who in dying your Martyr, proves

Your Own

Dick Pettingall.

LETTER 12.

My Souls ſole Deity,

IT's impoſſible to make a diſcovery of my ſublime thoughts but by lines ſo weak, that they cannot bear the leaſt part of their luſtre. Certainlie there is a far more readie way to diſcern a paſſionate ſoul, the eyes at ſuch a time proving the hearts moſt faithfull Ambaſſadours; read then in mine that high affection, far above the reach of the more pithie expreſſion. Had I more wit then love, perhaps I might with elegant words and ſmooth ſentences, better pleaſe your high genius: but ſince it is not ſo, pardon then his weak language, who is ſo much yours in realitie, as renders him ambitious to aſſume the title of

Your Own

Dick. Pettingall.

Mary Martens Letter to R. Pettingall.

Moſt dear Sir,

YOu may admire your ſelf in keeping an eſteem ſo farre ſhort of your worth; if your conſcience checked you, it was for ſaying you had done nothing that deſerved my eſteem; and that which you account ſo ordinary; miſs my *Dick*, where would you finde it? would you make me believe I made you chaſt? I found you chaſt, and the moſt that can be attributed to me is the continuance of it, nay, not that for chaſtity would have accompanied all your other rare vertues. O God! did you but know your ſelfe, then would you pitie me, for being deprived of ſo rare a companion, yet I like well what you have done, knowing it is in obedience to your dear Mother. Mr. *Marten* is going into Derbiſhire. O God! all happineſs wait on you both, though ſo much the leſs fall to the ſhare of her that wiſhes you have My dear *Dick*,

ANOTHER.

Dear Sir,

Is a pardon requiſite, where there is no crime, and vertue ſo predominant, as appeares in you? then am I happie, to own Letters from ſo deare a hand, and do accept them more welcome to me then any thing, except Mr. *Marten*, or Mr. *Marten*'s, I will ever acknowledge him to be more deare then all the world, and next the company of my chaſt and vertuous *Dick*, is moſt pleaſing to me.

Mary Marten.

A Letter written by Marten's *Lady, upon a diſtaſt taken againſt the Lady* B------, *ſuſpecting* Martens *too much familiarity.*

Madam,

It could never before enter into my thoughts, that you could make ſhew of any thing more then what was reall, but plainly ſeeing you have, am bold to tel you, I had rather have found that in any other, provided you had miſſed it; but ſince it is ſo, I beg your pardon, and tell my ſelf what a fool I was, to be more knowing (in what was for your good) then your ſelf; you let me ſee my meaſure of confidence and weakneſſe, yet this let me ſay, I aimed at your greateſt good, as I thought, what can tell you I did not? and if I did, and you did apprehend it ſo, and will take to the contrarie. O God! how you diſtract me! I will trouble you no farther: but if you will know more, tell your ſelfe the reſt: And that I am,

Your ſervant and friend,

Mary Marten.

An Answer to a Letter, called a Copy of Henry Marten's *Letter, in vindication of the Murther of the late* KING CHARLES.

SIR.

IF this Title be your own, as I do not think you such a fool as so to indorse it, there needs no farther dispute, the businesse is confessed, That you and your fellow Rebels Murthered the King, for which you intend to repent as much as you do for the breach of the seventh Commandement. Would any one imagine that you should (as you pretend) sweep that Augæan Stable of thy conscience cleane of murther, and let *Mall* lye there, not so much as disturbed? Can an unrepenting Whoremaster be a Pious Rebel? O base hypo-rysie!

But forward. What rigours hast thou found, but what you deserved? and more dolorous you deserve then you have found; who by a bold Apology dare to entayle Rebellion to the World, and furnish Fanaticks with at least so much reason, as thou pretendest to enjoy. I say of thy wit, (for wisdom it is not) as was said of the *Emperour Galba*, *Ingenium tuum malè habitat*: Never so much wit in so foul and filthy a pericranium or scituation.

It is not the varnisht speeches of yours and your Brother *Hall*, that was lately executed, will ever make good that unparaleld Crime, for which he died, and you may. Yet

I professe I do not wish your Corporal pennance, nor damnation, nor *Cromwels*, nor any of his most wicked adherents, though I have been undone by all of you. May you live to sing a Palinodia, and let the neck verse and Psalms of Mercy alone, I could never endure writh'd necks, nor any thing strangled, though it were at *Tyburn*. But such a person as should say, the King is not above his people *conjunctim*, but *divisim*, or in your own words, *major singulis*, but not *universis* or *Collectim* is a most desperate villain, and not fit to live in a Kingdom, which kind of Government, how much it exceeds a State Democratical, I refer you to that most excellent piece of Mr *Wrens*, in his answer to *Harringtons Oceana*. Did you never read *Horace*, *Hall*? Do you not remember there? rub up your memorie; for as to other things I believe you are bewitched. Can you forget these verses (the practice of which you have?)

Omne sub Regno graviore regnum est
Regum timendorum in proprios greges.
Reges in ipsos imperium est Jovis.

And dare you, (pretending to Christianitie and the reading onely of Scriptures, which gives Kings superiority over all, and commands subjection even to Heathen Emperors) assert that Kings are answerable to their own barrs, which is a contradiction in Antithesi, and against the very Municipal laws of our own land.

You say you would never have signed the Warrant for the Kings death, if you had thought it should have been a stirrop for *Cromwel* to have been made Stork Regent. But *Hall*, you forget your Grammar too. Honest *Lilly*, who taught you this sentence. *Insipientis est dicere non putaram.* And take this in answer to all the rest of your nonsense arguments out of the same Grammarian, that

Regis est ——
Parcere subjectis & debellare superbos.

You

You ſay it troubles you for that moſt admirable Statesman's murther, the Earl of *Strafford*, but you ſpeak not a word of relenting for that excellent Prelate, Arch-Biſhop *Laud*, whoſe bloud you are as guilty of as of that Heroick Earl, or of the moſt pious Martyr K. *Charls* the firſt. I know what incens'd you. The Coercive powers of Eccleſiaſtical Courts againſt your vices. *Purbeck* and *Mall* were his crimes, but farewell. Read ſuch a Text as Prov. 20. v. 2. and one Grammar example, *Mulieri ne credas, ne mortua quidem.* That *Mortua*, I mean, is in ſin (*Hall.*)

You ſay alſo, If you had thought of the filthy conſequences, you would not have voted, this devoted Warre, was the parent of all the miſchiefs you brought upon others (ſo long you were contented) And your ſelf at laſt: there was the *Colloquintida*, that kills Crowes (*Hall.*)

Upon my Bedel-ſhip (*Hall*) thou art in the right, that His Majeſtie thought he died unjuſtlie, eſpeciallie when the worſt of men ſate in judgement upon the beſt of Princes, when Wolves and Goats, and Foxes, uſurped the chaire of Execution, & condemned (Alas! what could they do elſe?) the Lamb of the Land, whoſe innocent bloud, had it cryed for juſtice (as thou gav'ſt it without relenting) thou hadſt not this day had leiſure to repent.

But (*Hall*) you have a ſting in the end of this Paragraph, that is, *The Parliament, or the Council of State, had forborn to acquaint the KING with his ſubjection to the Law.* By which filthie Sentence you would inſinuate, at leaſt, that he was, and his Succeſſor is, under the laſh of it. God forbid, that Kings ſhould act any thing contrarie to their Lawes, that is, pardon Murtherers, Adulterers; yet if they ſhould by their Perogative mercie do ſuch a thing, certainly thoſe that had the benefit of their Grace, ſhould not call in queſtion their power.

power. It is one thing to be an ἐργαλοῦχος, and *Exactor operis*, another thing to be under the Law. The King (*Hall*) is to see every man do the duty belonging to the offices under him, not to provide so carefully for his subjects, that they should be Masters over him.

I will not trouble you with the 51. Psalm, nor the Lamentation, though the first vindicates your objection, the second will well become the objector. Law-givers (not Law-contrivers, nor Money-granters) are above the Lawes they make: understand me rightly, not so above, as not to doe Right *ad libitum*, but so above, that if they doe otherwise (which God forbid) no law of their own can reach their persons. Did *Nathan* say any thing to *David*, but that he had sinned against the Lord? and I presume his commission was higher then *Hendersens*.

Kings are Gods (that is, *Loco Dei*) by Lievtenancie, and they shall die like men, but not by men, that is, by their subjects, by a Court of highest Injustice, though otherwise called.

Nowsuppose you had no murtherous intention, that is still as much as to say, You did think you did right in giving your bloody vote: It cannot be supposed, no more then you can suppose that you intend no lust, nor Fornication, nor Adultery, when you leap into the armes of another Ladie, and renounce your own wive's. For as to that, also it may be replied, that you doe it for the conservation of your handsome Species, for the educing of such another, as God never send; that is, *Tui similis per omnia*, which never a Chancelour in *England* register, nor *Apparitor* will ever believe, or allow, nay, your owne Dad, were he alive, would have made you commute for doing and saying so. Farewell, without be hang'd.

Yet for all our civil *Vale*, take heed how you depart, for *Old Nick* has an absolute coercive authority, and never allowed any coordinate Powers, States, nor Parliaments, within

within his infernall Dominions; for that were to make a division in his Elaboratories, which he will never suffer, but creates and makes these schismes amongst us here, which he punishes severely there, though he set you all on work.

Good *Hall* take heed of fire and brimstone, 'tis not so pleasant as *Mall*, *Myrtle*, and *Jessimine*.

I shall conclude all with this short story of your self, which was transacted in the Physick-garden at *Oxford*, where these lines were wrote. You came to caress *Mall* with some bottles, and other incentives to the sport; when she, upon some default in her shoo-lacchet, stoop'd to amend it, but arising up, you fell down, and snuffed up the aire of the place she stood upon, thinking she had drop't some Essences from her *Cape bona Speranza*, and as if you had been borne when the signe was in *Taurus*, so extended your nose, as if you had been *Marten Bull*.

POSTSCRIPT

POST-SCRIPT to Coll. *MARTEN.*

Sir,

DId I not honour some honorable and gentile Relations of yours, I could have been larger, and every where made your Letters by some marginal notes more facetious. I have not, I protest, wronged a *punctum* in yours, nor a Parenthesis in your Ladies Epistles. I am a Historian, not a Commentator; and they say that those are most faithful of them, who tell *Res gestas sine censuris vel commentariis*: wherefore 'tis said, that *Livy* was a better Historian then *Tacitus*, and this the better Statesman.

Pray Sir, give me leave to take notice of your familiar compellation of your money, sometimes you call it *Malls* and *Philips*, sometimes *roguy Besses*, sometimes *Jamies*, sometimes *Charlses*, which is a sign that you like them better in their stamps then in their offices and Royal functions. *Hall*, thy face would have made as good a *Numisma*, or *Medal*, as *Vespasian Claudius*, or *Galbas*, with this motto or inscription, *Neminem amo Gubernantem*. This adviso, and I conclude, though as to the sense and words of it, they are as you are, much conversant, *circa umbilicũ*; read them: *Eccles.* 19. v. 2. That *Impudent* in the Text is a *Rebel* in some Commentators: And *Eccles.* 26. v. 12.

FINIS

CORONAT OPUS.

I am for the Crown still.